

Teen parties.
Beer and destruction.

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

AUGUST 11, 1980

\$1.00



THE NEW IMPERIALISTS

CANADIAN BUSINESS GOES SOUTH

What's going on, Esso?

Caril Boulet and Gilles Huettemeier are developing transformers out of the Quebec hydro industry.



Home Leave and fellow geologists are exploring for uranium in northern Ontario.



Gary Piggott is conducting research into solar energy for your home.



Edson Begley and his exploration crew are drilling but never call on Baby Creek, Alberta.



1880—1980
Imperial Oil Limited
Part of Canada's
future for the
next 100 years.

Skilful, imaginative and dedicated people are developing new energy supplies and more efficient products to help Canadians save. That's what's going on at Esso.

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

AUGUST 19, 1962

VOL 83 NO 32

How we've learned

The Models don't have to worry about "no vacancy" signs and one of the reasons is lead singer Martha Davis. Like a new-wave Lorde! Lynn, she's content to allow in a class. **Pass!**

Passionate rebel

Anton Kuerti, one of the few pianists alive today, is not happy just to talk about liberal causes. He makes them an integral part of his controversial, lively life. **Page 10**

COVER STORY

The New Imperialists

Canadian businessmen are expanding their horizons in an unprecedented surge of economic international investments outside the country, particularly in the United States, are growing at a rate faster than the statisticians can measure. The motives are as diverse as the operations involved but, as one major investor says, it's about time, too, if we hope to stay afloat in the larger world economy.

Page 20

Deep in the art of taxes

A Chicago lawyer has a collection of old photographs that the National Gallery of Canada wants. Trouble is, the less desirable the photos are, the more the lawyer is bent on selling them. **Page 22**

Beer and destruction

While a raucous party ensues, once most 30 years and playing stereo, it now often means hundreds of filling down drinks, "fratified" houses and not police. **Page 4**

CONTENTS

[illegible]

WILEY-INTERSCIENCE, Inc., is published and printed weekly (except for two issues combined annually) by John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 605 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10158. Copyright © 1984 by John Wiley & Sons, Inc. All rights reserved. This journal is registered at the Copyright Clearance Center, Inc., 27 Congress St., Salem, MA 01970. Organizations in the U.S. who are also registered with C.C.C. may therefore copy material (beyond the limits permitted by sections 107 and 108 of U.S. copyright law) subject to payment to C.C.C. of the per copy fee of \$05.00. This consent does not extend to multiple copying for promotional or commercial purposes. ISI Tear Sheet Service, 351 Market Street, Philadelphia, PA 19106, is authorized to supply single copies of separate articles for private use only. Organizations authorized by the Copyright Licensing Agency may also copy material subject to the usual conditions. For all other use, permission should be sought from John Wiley & Sons, Inc.



The Pool Opening-
 Warming the house was one thing. But opening your first pool has to be something else. So you invite your friends around for a pool opening with a difference. Splashing in a big, a foot of water complete with rubber ducks. It's a pool opening that only you could think of. And you share the laugh with an ice pick: The crystal clear taste of Smirnoff, the vodka that leaves you breathless, combined with ice too. And you sip slowly, so you don't get by over your head.

Smirnoff Style



Editorial

Take over Kansas City, but please don't bring it home



By Peter C. Newman

If the take-over of U.S. business assets by Canadians continues, it won't be long before a handful of eager Yankee patriots organize themselves into a group that will undoubtedly become known as the Committee for an Independent America (CIA, in short) to battle the ambitious fiscal marauders of the north.

That prospect doesn't appear particularly daunting at the moment, but as this week's cover story (page 58) indicates, Canadian dollars and know-how are pouring south of the 49th parallel in unprecedented quantities, amounting to as much as \$10 billion at the latest count. It's a healthy trend, providing it doesn't drain off too much of our entrepreneurs' fervor, so that they retain plenty of nerve and capital to do some badly needed investing on this side of the border.

In the process of expanding their U.S. holdings, Canadian investors are being tempted by the alluring international ethic best described by Jacques Maisonneuve, chairman of the board of the 10th World Trade Corporation: "For business purposes, the boundaries that separate one nation from another are no more real than the equator. They do not define business requirements or consumer trends. Good managers accept this... the world outside the home country is no longer viewed as a source of mere survival con-

cerns and prospects for its products, but as the extension of a single market."

That kind of approach may work wonders for the bottom line at first, but it doesn't apply to the U.S.-Canadian scene. For one thing, the quantities of capital exchanged between our two countries are too lopsided. With less than one-tenth of the U.S.'s population, we harbor at least four times as much of their investment. In many of the most profitable sectors of the Canadian economy we have been reduced to being minority shareholders. This is a particularly damaging trend in these times of economic recession. During the current business slowdown, many Canadians are being laid off as hard-pressed U.S. companies give precedence to contracts that will keep their own domestic factories open. An equally serious backlash of the U.S. investment flow here is its accompaniment by the sating forces of Yankee civilization—the cultural compulsions of "the American way of life" that continue to dilute our own priorities and values.

No matter how much money we send south, we're not attempting to breakwash anybody in the process. Too many Americans still subscribe to the bubble of such misguided missionaries as the late Senator Kenneth Wherry, who once admonished his Midwestern followers: "With God's help we will lift Shanghai up and up, over up, until it's just like Kansas City!"

Maclean's

AUGUST 11, 1990

Editor

Peter C. Newman

Managing Editor

Michael B. Shapiro

Senior Editor

James H. Hume

Art Director

Michael B. Shapiro

Foreign Editor

David G. Cohen

Production Editor

Michael B. Shapiro

Business Editor

Michael B. Shapiro

Style Editor

Michael B. Shapiro

Photo Editor

Michael B. Shapiro

Advertising Manager

Michael B. Shapiro

Assistant Manager

Michael B. Shapiro

Production Editor

Michael B. Shapiro

Assistant Editor

Michael B. Shapiro

Contributors

William H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Editorial

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

James H. Hume

Michael B. Shapiro

David G. Cohen

Michael B. Shapiro

Parting the cliché curtain

by Michael Dobbs

One of the great weaknesses of the "Western" school of foreign reporting is the pigeonholing of countries into neat categories. There are journalists who seem to check their file before setting foot in the latest trouble spot. The more remote the country from a major news centre, the easier it is to fit the facts to the preconception. Communist Eastern Europe (there's a handy cliché) has suffered particularly from this kind of reporting. At the lowest level, the area is regarded as a grey, inextinguishable blob of Slavic peoples suffering under the Soviet yoke.



The Ceaușescus: a human rights record as bleak as any

A more sophisticated approach is to ascribe different characteristics to different countries within the region, but each must be capable of being summed up in a sentence of not more than 15 words, otherwise the Western reader might get lost. Thus, formerly nonaligned Yugoslavia fears Soviet intentions after gritty Marshal Tito's death; Bulgaria is the Kremlin's most loyal ally; Poland, homeland of the Pope, stands annually as an economic and political proscenium; Czechoslovakia is the place where "Communism with a human face" was snuffed out by Soviet tanks in 1968; Romania, under its mercurial President, Nicolae Ceaușescu, pursues an independent foreign policy—and should be encouraged by the West.

Perfidious lone clichés, too—and the simplified perception about a country is often a major factor in determining policy toward it. Recent events in Romania illustrate the point. Last week, Romania signed a trade agreement with the European Economic Community, only the second of its kind between the Common Market and an individual Soviet bloc country. This month, Romania's "most favored nation" trading status was renewed annually with the U.S. Congress—and all the signs are that it will go through without much opposition. All one might suppose, further confirmation of Romania's independent line. But how can this be squared with the news that Amnesty International has just published a report detailing human rights violations in Romania—typically more severe than elsewhere in Eastern Europe. The report expresses particular concern over the use of psychiatric hospitals, "corrective" labor, imprisonment and other forms of harassment against dissidents and would-be emigrants.

Romania has as black a human rights record as any country in the world but, because of its "independent" foreign policy, it receives relatively favorable treatment both in the Western press and from Western politicians in response to the Jewish crisis. Congress has focused on the narrow mass of Jewish emigration—and tended to use this as a yardstick to measure respect for human rights in general. As it happens, the Romanian government has had the

sense to be flexible in its attitude toward Jewish emigration and has thus notched up unreserved good marks with Congress, despite its bleak performance overall.

In fact, the atmosphere of repression has heavier in Romania than in any of the Soviet Union's other "satellite nations." A comparison with neighboring Yugoslavia is instructive. This's break with Moscow in 1948 led, initially, to a softening in his internal regime as he sought to distinguish his brand of socialism from the Soviet variety. Ceaușescu, by contrast, has pursued highly repressive internal policies—with an emphasis on heavy industry and very little regard for the needs of the consumer. Thus, while Yugoslavia has benefited materially from their country's defiance of Moscow, Romanians have been made to pay for their limited independence by lower standards of living and fewer political freedoms.

For the traveler from other Eastern European countries, visiting Romania is like going back in a time machine to a Stalinist past. Austere and police repression reign. Street lighting is dimmed or nonexistent because of energy shortages. Meat and fresh vegetables are very difficult to acquire. During a recent 30-day visit, this reporter was followed by at least 75 police cars and 100 agents (at different times of course). They were in restaurants, hotel reception areas, even behind bushes and telegraph poles—constant surveillance that is very frightening for ordinary citizens. All this helps explain why more and more Romanians are willing to take enormous risks to flee their homeland. In the latest dramatic incident, an entire family of 31 people flew in a tiny crop-dusting airplane across Hungary to seek asylum in Austria.

The repression is washed down by vibrant nationalism and an unbridled personality cult built around Ceaușescu himself. As the emperor of Romania in Bucharest, a huge portrait depicts him and his increasingly influential wife, Elena, ascending through the clouds. The cult has been combined with the rapid advancement of Ceaușescu's own relatives. Elena herself, as first deputy prime minister and a member of the policy-making political executive committee, is regarded as the second power in the land.

There is little tradition of dissent in Romania—and dissatisfaction is expressed more by sullen passivity than by open opposition. Factory workers, for example like to joke: "The boss pretends to pay us, and we pretend to work." In the same vein, the biggest danger to Ceaușescu's regime is not the sight of the Soviet Colas. It is the passive sabotage of his own people.

Michael Dobbs, a *Mariner's* correspondent based in Yugoslavia, visited Romania last month.



BORG, 1979 CHAMPION



GERULAITIS



NAVRATILOVA



M'ENRAOE

PLAYER'S SERVES CANADA WORLD CLASS TENNIS AUGUST 9-17 NATIONAL TENNIS CENTRE, TORONTO

Following a thrilling week of action in Montreal, the excitement of the Player's International Tennis Centre and millions more across the country, via CTV, will share in the excitement of the second annual Player's International Tennis Championships.

From August 9th to the 17th, all eyes will be on the centre court as five-time Wimbledon champion Björn Borg returns to defend his title against such top-ranked competitors as John McEnroe, Vitas Gerulaitis and Roscoe Tanner. Canadian Wimbledon champion Evonne Coolidge, Martina Navratilova, Billie Jean King and many other stars from the women's international pro circuit will vie for the women's title at these prestigious Player's championships.

The 1980 tournament will see some of the best tennis in the world, with a men's draw of 64 and the women's draw increased from 32 to 64. Prize money will total \$325,000.

Player's is extremely proud to bring to Canadians another outstanding world class tennis event.

Follow the action on your local CTV station! Watch each evening for a wrap-up of the day's events. Some day coverage on Friday, August 15th, Saturday, August 16th and Sunday, the 17th.

Player's
INTERNATIONAL
Tennis Championships



Let's not misunderstand each other

By David P. Sirocco

Priest C. Newman recently proposed in a *Modernist* editorial that one of the world's acknowledged legislators, a poet, be retained to preside over our new constitution with a historical fiction or two. He wisely fired out, suitcase-wise, with stateliness and measured prose to equal that of the American Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton et al., however, didn't have a hunch they were men of broad culture, versed in philosophy, literature, theatre, music, painting and science. When it came to writing (and thinking), they mostly did their own thing.

How will our stopgapers of Confederation fare? Has the new literary script set into high places? Is there, collectively and with ghost writers, enough savoir-faire, sensitivity and lip to carry it off? In truth, those who have learned to tell their Platts from Platinums are not a reassuring majority. Little wonder if the bewildered nation views their rituals with the look of a parrot being offered half a banana by someone in whose bona fides it does not have absolute confidence.

What is in short supply at the table is culture, that set of shared assumptions and values that finds expression in history, song and story, in pieces, events and customs. The spiritual thumbprint of any nation is that unique identity left in the mind when all material things have been taken away. Our daygazers, sorry to report, have cultural malnutrition because they fairly represent a country that has persistently ignored itself as the means of understanding itself, a sort of *amnesia* artists.

Identity is craved by those who write, paint, act, sing or otherwise hold up a mirror in which, often painfully, we see who we are. But we are also seen by others through, say, Arthur Brisbane's architecture, Murray Scher's music or the National Film Board's films. After hearing the National Arts Centre's orchestra, a German industrialist was convinced that Canada must do other complex things just as superbly. But Canada's artists are, in my opinion and in theirs, a primary and renewable resource, still untapped.

What is astonishing is that the government keeps emphasizing the need to affirm the Canadian identity without equating the objective with the result. Identity doesn't nose out of a vacuum or from slogans pasted up an election time. It comes from the slowly maturing lifetime achievements of a Margaret Laurence or a Charles Gagnon. It's there we saw our cultural development as an urgent priority, not as a means to an end.

Do you think that if unemployment and inflation were at one per cent (it's not a perfect), the Parti Québécois was satisfied, the government had more western members and the national debt was, instead, a burgeoning national heritage

fund we would be a happy consideration? Absolutely not. Even though we're richer and better governed than 86 per cent of the world's 200 million, because we have a measure of understanding of each other. We don't get into each other's skins, nor allow ourselves to see with each other's eyes. What we have is a cultural problem that provides and causes our political and economic problems.

It would make a lot more sense, of course, if we turned the constitution upside down and gave the federal power jurisdiction for all matters involving mind and spirit, such as educational, social and cultural services. That, at least, would provide a genuine equality of opportunity to all Canadians, wherever they lived, and attack regional disparities more effectively as the

long run than the programs now in place. Ultimately that won't happen. The new constitution will be a re-concocted steam engine right down to the last piece of boiler-plate prose. The only hope is that some insight or look will keep cultural services as a shared or concurrent responsibility, rather than leaving them into the shade-the-lag division of powers. Neither the artistic community, nor its large public, wants a transfer or an exclusive right established in this field. Indeed, the unique partnership of support of cultural expression across governments, corporations and private citizens is one that works and also guarantees artistic freedom. It now needs financial reinforcement more than any restructuring.

To linking culture-bashers, our \$30-per-capita expenditure at the federal level (including the CBC) is one of our country's last more available yet avoided loss of it is its sense of self than Canada. Even after cuts, the United Kingdom spends a great deal more on the national orchestra Canada does on the CBC. Germany's public museums recently mustered \$10-million to buy art at a single auction, and Germany's cultural support is 10 times the Canada Council's \$3 per capita. A maximum of three per cent of the federal budget and two per cent of provincial budgets wouldn't seem like a lot to ask when our very future is at stake.

To Matthew Arnold, men of culture were the true apostles of equality. We also are ruled by politicians and journalists, the only two professions for which no training or qualification is needed. To them, I recommend a reading of Hirschel Hardin's brilliant book *A Nation Unborn*, which describes our distinctive Canadian cultural patterns with shrewd and perceptive accuracy. And at the time of constitutional reform, I ask that they keep their nose eyes on the true purposes of government—which are addressed to the mind, hearts and spirits of a people.

David P. Sirocco is a writer and the director of cultural affairs for Metropolitan Toronto.



'We have a cultural problem that precedes and causes our political and economic problems'



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling. At per cigarette Player's Filter King Size 12 mg "tar", 1.3 mg nicotine; Reg. 32 mg "tar", 1.2 mg nicotine. Player's Light King Size 35 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine; Reg. 34 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine.

Profile: Anton Kuerti

Passionate rebel of the keyboard



By Janet Marchant

Kuerti's idealistic crusades and triumphs

Parry Sound deals in fantasy lilies, ice cream and, this summer, some of the cream of the world's classical musicians. Where loves and outboard motors have always been the constant notes, cellist Jonas Brander, mezzo-soprano Judith Piest and operatic confederate Anna Russell, among others, are adding a new sound of summer. Clearly, something unusual is in the works: Anton Kuerti, Canada's leading piano virtuoso, is at it again—bringing the mountains to Stoboanand Kuerti is transporting some of the

world's finest music to his doorstep—another effort by this strange, obsessive man to bend the universe to conform to his personal standards.

Among Kuerti's many concerns about life on planet Earth is the overconsumption—and consequent bigness—of the music business; he is also a committed environmentalist who would like to help heal the rift between man and nature. What to do? Hold an international-class summer festival in a community where the largest suitable hall seats only 400 and against a back-

drop of the scenery that inspired Tom Thomson. The "Festival of the Sound," which runs until mid-August, presents some 30 events with international and Canadian musicians performing and offering master classes. For Kuerti, this is just another episode in a career crisscrossed with similar ventures—with idealistic crusades, with disillusionment, with personal artistic triumphs.

Small and slight, with flyaway brown hair (in wavy contradiction to the dauntlessly clear blue eyes), Vienna-born Kuerti is recognized in Canada "often enough to be flustering without being disturbing," he acknowledges. "Saying, I'm here to stay," he warns, discussing his adopted country over a cup of herb tea in the wash-flu, white-lined studio of his Toronto townhouse. His roots are here now, he explains—including his wife, Hungarian-Canadian cellist Kristine Rogers, their three-year-old son, Julian, the lakefront property near Parry Sound and this house. To reach this back room, the pianist's inner sanctum, you have to come through the long narrow living room (dominated by a massive East German grand piano absolutely heaped with books, records and papers), past the many shelves of art books and musical scores, the eclectic selection of graphics, paintings and a large abstract picture from poster, past the saddle of Julian's toys, past the gorgeous Julian himself with his amazing pools of blue eyes. Here in the back-room studio is another grand (Kuerti owns four pianos), a historical discovery, on which the pianist practices, often more than eight hours a day.

It is a classic Canadian irony that, being used to inventing the cloth of genius in our midst, the country fails to recognize the real thing when it finally arrives—like Kuerti back in 1965, spontaneously taking up the position of artist-in-residence at the University of Toronto. There should have been a splash in the media—at least if he's anywhere as good as the experts claim. "A creative intellectual giant of a musician, one of the top half-dozen pianists in the world today," says Eleanor Simekman, whose recordings (on her Argentine label) of Kuerti playing all 32 Beethoven sonatas moved international reviewers to wallow in superlatives. Many designated it the finest rendition of the monumental cycle ever recorded.

But Kuerti was already well known to inner circles of the international music world long before the Beethoven release. Of a Schumann recording made in the early '70s, *High Fidelity* magazine wrote "unforgettable... stunning... one is chilled by the sheer prowess of the playing." The *Record* went so far as to suggest that if there were an Olympiad for recordings of this work,



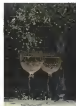
"Your Henninger, sir."

Henninger drinkers know there's something special about their beer.

It's the superior taste of a fine premium beer, brewed in Canada, in the great European tradition. With the

care and pride of an independent brewer. Using ingredients that cost a little more. So Henninger Export costs a little more. And a Henninger drinker will tell you it's worth it.

Henninger. The taste that costs a little more.



A cut above the extraordinary.

The Four Seasons
Montreal

**Four
Seasons
Hotels**

Montreal-Toronto-Ottawa
Belleville-Calgary
Edmonton-Vancouver
Island-United States

Inn on the Park
Toronto-London, England

Call your Travel Agent
or in Toronto 445-5031
elsewhere in Canada
(800) 268-6282

"Arthur Robinson and Vladimir Horowitz would have to fight it out for the silver and bronze medals. Karri earns the gold." "Oh well," as music critic Fantasia Bowers stated in *The New York Times* a few years ago, "a major pianist can play consistently like a miracle and still not receive accolades commensurate with his ability. Anton Karri is such a pianist, a superman whose, so far, only musical streamers are cheering." Certainly, Canadians are not comfortable with the idea of stardom [let alone "superman"], and

lashed in many of the major summer festivals where he used to teach and perform."

"Probably he cut himself off from creative opportunities," agrees Toronto radio station *CAM-FM* musical director Paul Robinson. After Karri was the star-making Levitt, Award, champion belconian, "he was making the rounds of all the major orchestras, then he came to Canada and hasn't had the same kind of exposure since." Karri is philosophical about it all: "People were a lot more stuffy back then than they are



ANTON KARRI

Karri at work and play: blackballed by the arts community over Vietnam

Karri does have that disturbing quality of volatility, unpredictability, one minute, these blue eyes are boyish, evocative, vibrant, like the next they're intense, threatening.

Technically, he's not Canadian. He was born in Vienna in 1936 and arrived at age 4 in the United States, where his parents fled from Hitler's Europe. Because he still performs there, so often, he retains his American passport to avoid bureaucratic difficulties over visas and work permits. But in all other respects he considers himself Canadian. It was the pianist's unhesitant objection to the Vietnam War (and before it became fashionable), and refusal to support it with his taxes, that brought him to Canada in 1965. His stubbornness affected the shape of his subsequent career—American pianist Peter Serkin once suggested in a *New York Times* article that if Karri had only shut up about Vietnam, his solo would have shot to the top. Another colleague says, "The anti-performers, picketed McLennan, and generally carried on the kind of activities that are just not done in the arts community. He was black-



ANTON KARRI

revolution had not started; my various idiosyncrasies—vegetarianism, no tie and so on—irritated those controlling the concert world."

Clearly, Karri has found he can't mind his manners and stick to his principles at the same time. He is driven by a fierce sense of responsibility which seems to force itself into all corners of his life. It makes him a vegetarian. "I

think people should take ultimate responsibility for what they do, for how they live. If they want to eat meat, they should be willing to slaughter the animals themselves." It makes him picky and insistent about musical standards. Steinway once prohibited Karri from using its pianos in major performing halls because he seemed so intent for Japanese technicians' magazine, criticizing Steinway on some technical point. But the company backed off when he threatened to sue. Karri will rant and growl at persistent coughers during performances, and if that does not work he may step in mid-phrase, walk off the stage and only continue when the offender has agreed to leave—as audiences in both Vancouver and Toronto will recall. And about three years ago in the Vancouver Island town of Duncan, he startled some angry youngsters by shouting at them in the middle of a concerto. "If all the circumstances are right and the performer is in good spirits, a really beautiful experience can happen—both for the performer and the audience," Karri says. "If I feel the preconditions for this happening are violated, I'll try to do something to change it." Not that the man is a grim reforming socialist—he keeps his social ices through a bagful of fun. Karri complains that there's no picnic table, so Anton sets up a step ladder and happily balances plates and glasses on the rungs.

Karri has tried to implement his changes in the Canadian music scene. He has organized concert series with low prices in smaller halls and has gained exposure for high-quality but little-known Canadian talents. The Northstar series in Toronto, for example, has become a major vehicle for top Canadian performers. Starting four years ago as the offshoot of a series of Schubert concerts Karri organized for the CBC, Northstar this coming season will feature a full-scale opera, Mozart's *Idomeneo*, with Canadian soprano Rosemarie Landry. Despite the series' expansion to a major hall last year, it has been moved back this season to a school auditorium—part of Karri's crusade against ignorance. He claims that the general illiteracy and the consequent increase in performers' fees has created a vicious circle forcing local exposure to use halls that are too far from musical communities. "I feel that when the administration of the arts gets completely out of the hands of the musicians, there's a danger it becomes too oriented to what sells."

As much as they admire his organizational acumen, some of Karri's associates wish he would conserve more of his energy for his own playing—and let somebody else lift the stamps and raise the funds. Even Karri agrees he would

like more time, especially to do more composing, and has promised himself to cut back.

Yet Karri himself has no regrets. He thinks he has been phenomenally lucky, that he has found the good life. And, standing with him and Julian on the back porch, half hidden by cuttings and cacti, out over Grouse Bay, it's hard to argue. After all, how do you measure success? "Success has many different aspects," observes the pianist. The most meaningful one is to money an intense artistic, human message to a person, to help that person change him-

self and become a greater person, more sensitive and more conscious. If you can really help one person at every concert to achieve this, you are successful."

But dusk is closing in, and Karri wants some time to practice. Back at the cottage, Kristin is curled up on the living room couch with a book. The room is vast and high-ceilinged like an ancient megalith, a large stone fireplace at one end and windows overlooking the water. Karri plays an elegant, shimmering Chopin study, while the sound of a loon crying reminds us where we are. ☐



"When you have something really worth celebrating!"

Andalusian anguish

C loads of smoke drifting over the fields of southern Spain last week signalled that old traditions burn as fiercely as ever in one of Europe's most picturesque and most backward regions. In recent weeks, thousands of acres of crops have been put to the torch in the provinces of Cádiz and Seville

and most stirring music. The people have a reputation for easy grace, exuberance and a taste for fiestas rather than industrialism.

The region has always been notorious for its infidelities—vast estates whose owners live in feudal style. Many estates have shrunk in size, but the aristocrats (young playboys from rich families) still enjoy an idyllic, arrogant existence.

"Naturally I speak good English. I had an English nanny," said one of the

Andalusians at the bottom of the national list for per capita income and highest for its number of unemployed—at least 17 per cent of the active work force. About 400,000 of the region's farm workers are jobless, dependent on day-to-day alms. "If the landlord's foreman doesn't like your face, you don't get work. Some farms hire with gifts of chicken," said one jobless waiting listlessly in a village near Seville. Thousands of workers flock to France to pick grapes and to other parts of Spain to find temporary jobs. At home, employment opportunities dwindle due to increasing mechanization.

Not qualified to collect unemployment pay, rural workers have to depend on cash doled out by the government for public-relief projects. So far this year, this has yielded typical jobless Antonio Olivares just 17 days' work. To feed his wife and three children he collects and sells snails, wild asparagus and olives.

The jobless and landless have focused their discontent through such organizations as the SOC, the farm workers' union. Communists and the SOC have persuaded owners of the latifundios into guaranteeing work for some of the jobless, and negotiating with these negotiators have been waves of crop-burnings.

Claims the Cádiz province civil governor "We are facing blackmail and a Mafia-type tax." But SOC Secretary General Francisco Chaves denies accusations against his union, laying blame for the first on unscrupulous farmers, accidents and individual cases of desperation.

Attempts at land reform have a long history of failure and the latest government measures, threatening to confiscate under-cultivated land, has been met with cynicism both by proprietors and workers. Even the most ambitious program of redistribution would not solve the employment problem, according to experts. For that, a more coherent agricultural policy is needed as well as intensive efforts to initiate new industries. "Every year this region saves 40 billion, but the banks invest it in other parts of Spain," protests the Socialist party of Andalusia. It has received marginal support with its calls for speedy autonomy. But real change is likely to come slowly. As he has for centuries, the Andalusian peasant can only draw solace from his wine and his music, the plaintive notes of which reflect his own anguish. David Bailey



Farm worker and wife cover up still have a certain medieval flavor

The subjects are desperate workers or greedy farmers seeking insurance payouts, depending on which side you believe. But there is no doubt about one thing: Andalusia, the tourist brochure paradise of sunny terraces, proud bulls and fiery flamenco, continues to be a cauldron of social tensions—tensions that 41 years ago erupted in the bloody Spanish civil war.

Although the region is famous for its spectacular religious processions, a strong streak of anarchism runs through its people. Added to that are justifiable feelings of neglect by distant rulers in Madrid and newly aroused aspirations for autonomy. Yet, on the surface, Andalusia remains a stereotype. Its eight provinces embrace arid desert, fertile plains, sun-baked beaches, ginkgo streets and picture-postcard villages. Andalusia produces some of Spain's finest wine, greatest musicians

It may seem a little early to bring up the subject of Spring when Fall has only just begun to fall, but you and your lawn will eventually thank us.

The fact is, Fall is one of the best times of the year to develop hearty, healthy grass plants. This is when your grass grows underground and starts preparing itself for Winter and Spring. And if you give it a good feeding right now, your grass plants will start sending out underground shoots called rhizomes which starts new grass plants growing.

Fall is the best time to use Turf Builder. It prepares your lawn for Spring.

It also generates new grass blades from the crown, so each plant becomes bushier. And at the same time, it begins to put down new vigorous roots to replace the old ones lost during Summer.

All of this activity requires the right kind of fertilizer. And of all the so-called "Winter" fertilizers that we've tested, none does the job better than Turf Builder fertilizer from Scotts.

Turf Builder supplies your lawn with nitrogen, the key element it needs at this time of year. And it releases this nitrogen slowly over a two-month period to provide

rich Fall colour and strong root development. But it doesn't stop there. Your grass uses the nitrogen to build sturdy plant tissue and make carbohydrate foodstuffs for use in the Spring. When Spring comes, your grass will green-up earlier and repair itself faster. The end result is a thicker lawn full of healthy grass plants.

Right now is also a good time to get rid of any dandelions that might still be growing in your lawn and about to take up permanent residence. A half an hour with some Turf Builder Plus 2[®], the lawn fertilizer plus weed control from Scotts, and your Scotts Precision Flow spreader and you can say goodbye to them now.

All Scotts products are covered by our famous "No Quibble" guarantee. "If for any reason you are not satisfied with results after using any Scotts lawn or garden product, you are entitled to get your money back. Simply send evidence of purchase to us, addressed to Scotts, P.O. Box 138, Toronto.

Dominion Centre, Toronto, Ontario M5K 1H1, and we will send a refund cheque by return mail."

Also, if you'd like a free subscription to our special magazine "Lawn Care", simply write us at the above address.



Scotts—the lawn people

Optimism and new lace

Many thanks for the optimistic article *Love and Marriage Widened Once Again* (Substyle, June 30). It was good to find something in favor of the old-fashioned elegance even though the article did deal largely with the superficial trimmings and trappings of it all. After all, isn't



Houry Veris, left, and Mary-Elise Smith: the Superficial trimmings and trappings

the wedding just an exciting event compared to the lifetime achievement of marriage itself? That's, again, to the writers for their constructive and cautious outlook on such an important side of life.

REV. A. MCHESSEUR, PORT CHARLOTTE, ONT.

A lopsided count

Although I do not want to detract from the brilliant match between Egon Bog and John McEwen, I think it would have been fair to give the women's final at Wimbledon more coverage. I'm King on *His Court*, Sports, July 14). Five hundred words were written on the men and only 27 on the women. Even so, Gough's Cowley's skillful playing and triumph over Chris Evert Lloyd should have been dealt with more fully. They are two great ladies of tennis and deserve to at least have their scores printed.

KELLY DAVIDSON, RICHMOND, B.C.

Mind over master

With all the squabbling going on over whether genes or environment have a greater effect on the similar choices of separated twins, doesn't it occur to anyone that twins might have a telepathic link? (Readings, *Altered*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Demos*, *Behavor*, June 9). Even husbands and wife, after 30 years together, can be so out of phase that they think and choose alike. No couldn't it be that identical twins, conceived from the same egg and sperm, developed together nine months in the same womb, in tune with each other's heartbeat, body rhythms and brain waves, could develop a psychological rapport so strong that it transcends separation? I think the power of the mind is a much overlooked concept, particularly in scientific circles, but it makes more sense to me that twins would both call their dogs Toy and their son James. Also then that same geneticist would come up with the brilliant theory that there is a common gene somewhere stamped "name your dog Toy."

CARLEEN RIDLES, TORONTO

Pack a banana

Allen Fotheringham describes the cultural clash between Ottawa and Alberta in oil negotiations (*The Men Work the Club and the Men Who Run the Tops*, June 30) only to stir in coldness of racial slurs to the ball. "... as [Trudeau] doesn't have a single person in his cabinet today who can speak for the anglophones or the ethnic Anglo-Saxophones." Mr. Trudeau and the federal cabinet not only speak for me (regardless of how I may have voted), but speak for Mr. Fotheringham and all the Canadian people. It is our Canada, our political system and our government. If Mr. Fotheringham doesn't quite like that fact regardless of how he may have voted, he could always pick up his drive-in bacon and move on to some banana republic.

R.W. BRIDGEMAN, MONTREAL

Full marks to Allen Fotheringham for his analysis of the oil negotiations between Ottawa and Alberta. As Shrike Square would not have said it. "Politicians who promised a petrol price banded, may find they're elected but Prairie oil ended."

ALTON R. DARTLEIGH, ROSHARON, B.C.

Frankenstein's monitor

Our scientists have been charming out various panacea goodies in the past few decades, many of which have been touted enthusiastically as being of enormous benefit to mankind (*New Life for Sex*, Cover, June 30). It seems inherent to scientific research that experiments be carried out to their ultimate conclusion, so, my question is, when is anyone monitoring the scientists?

LAURENCE THRELL, CALGARY

A cleanup joe-job

I read your story *An Erotic River That Thrillates* (Canada, June 30), and I was astonished at what we Canadians call satire. Because of a small error, Mr. Borowski was told that he didn't know the difference between art and pornography. Well, it doesn't take a genius to know the difference. I say hurrah for Mr. Borowski's attempt to clean up the Winnipeg Convention Centre. We should all attempt to clean up the smut that is being sold all over the place.

C. BRACKENAW, NOTREDAM, DE LOUCHESS, MAN.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and send correspondence to Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 465 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5G 1L7.

OLD VOLVOS NEVER DIE. THEY PASS ON.

When it comes to cars, the good don't die young. And Volvos are so well-made they seem to go on forever. (The current life expectancy of a Volvo is now up to 17.9 years in Sweden.)

Witness the case of Al Cordy, an industrial parts dealer from Oshawa, Ontario. Over the years he's bought five Volvos and they're all still in the family. You see, instead of trading in his old Volvo every time he wants a new one, he passes it on to a member of his family. Because he

believes his family is better off in a used Volvo than in a new car.

As Mr. Cordy puts it, "I bought my first Volvo in 1972. My daughter drives it now and it's still running perfectly. Who knows? Maybe someday it'll belong to my grandchildren."

If you're tired of buying cars you run into the ground in no time, do as Mr. Cordy did. Buy a car that could run in the family for years.

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.



Al Cordy with his new Volvo. And his family with his old ones.

Subscribers' Moving Notice

Send correspondence to Maclean's, Box 1500, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2B8.

Name

My mailing address

New Address

My old address label is attached

City Prov.

My new address is in the United States

Postal code

☐ I agree to submit to Mr. Maclean's. Send me \$19.97 for 12 issues for my \$19.97 for 12 issues.

☐ I agree to submit to Mr. Maclean's. Send me \$19.97 for 12 issues for my \$19.97 for 12 issues.

☐ I agree to submit to Mr. Maclean's. Send me \$19.97 for 12 issues for my \$19.97 for 12 issues.

☐ I agree to submit to Mr. Maclean's. Send me \$19.97 for 12 issues for my \$19.97 for 12 issues.

☐ I agree to submit to Mr. Maclean's. Send me \$19.97 for 12 issues for my \$19.97 for 12 issues.

☐ I agree to submit to Mr. Maclean's. Send me \$19.97 for 12 issues for my \$19.97 for 12 issues.

☐ I agree to submit to Mr. Maclean's. Send me \$19.97 for 12 issues for my \$19.97 for 12 issues.

☐ I agree to submit to Mr. Maclean's. Send me \$19.97 for 12 issues for my \$19.97 for 12 issues.

☐ I agree to submit to Mr. Maclean's. Send me \$19.97 for 12 issues for my \$19.97 for 12 issues.

☐ I agree to submit to Mr. Maclean's. Send me \$19.97 for 12 issues for my \$19.97 for 12 issues.

ATTACH OLD ADDRESS LABEL HERE AND MAIL IMMEDIATELY

Take care to fill in 1. Christian and/or 2. PLAIN and enclose old address label from these magazines as well

MAIL

After reading your article on the Canada Council's Art Bank, may I suggest Mr. Borowski resume his normal frustration doing something else. Maybe a little golf would do him good.

DAVIDE PUYVERT,
NEWSPAPER GUY

Rape in the open

I fully support the views of Leah Cohen and Christine Baulch as stated in *Painting Rape in Juvenile Photos* (Pictorial, June 28). I am grateful to them for bringing forth this issue of federal legis-

lation to abolish rape as a different crime from other physical assaults. Already, it seems, rape has become too commonplace in our society, with a very small ratio of rapes being reported and an even smaller ratio of offences being convicted. Rape is more than a physical assault, it is the invasion of one's humanity. Sometimes we forget this until it happens to our mother, wife, daughter or sister. We should give this matter the consideration it deserves and make our thoughts known to our federal representatives.

PATRICIA KING, CALGARY

Looking at a new ERA

I appreciated Barbara Amos's examination of the implications of the Equal Rights Amendment in the United States (Let's Reiser the Spirit of Women Watchers—And All That Follows, Column, July 14). Too many, for too long, have sat stony-eyed, admiring its glossy surface without closely examining the implications of its content on women and this family.

EDWARD J. HENNING, DIRECTOR
OF PUBLIC COMMUNICATIONS,
THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LA TONTO-DAV SAINTS TORONTO

If only they were white

Your story on the Indian condition (Third World on the Doorstep, Canada, June 30) makes clear to all your readers how bad it is to be an Indian in Canada in 1980. Government policies and programs, or rather their absence, can be accurately described as criminal neglect. Unfortunately, few Canadians, and even fewer parliamentarians, are interested in, or understand, the Indian condition or Indian culture. In this First World country of plenty, dedicated to improving the human condition and economic opportunity, there is no need for the Indian condition. But let us face it, the Indians don't count politically—baby seals in the Maritimes are more important. The Indians' biggest problem is just that—they're Indian. If they were white, or if we could see their condition, they would get more attention.

DAVID ROSEMAN,
AKULI LAKE BAND, B.C.

The fires next time

Why is it that the only time South Africa is featured in your magazine is when things go wrong there? *Once More Grind of the Wheel*, World, June 30! The present riots in South Africa are both unfortunate and tragic. There is no doubt that a share of the blame lies with the South African government which has been slow in inflicting change in urban areas, but anyone who doubts the fact that other races were at work behind those riots is either naive or stupid. The fact that South Africa is involved in a struggle to preserve a pro-Western civilization on a continent whose history speaks only too well for itself is not even mentioned. Your article ended "...but we've been mere a symbol of the bridges that have already been burned." Were the South African government to do what the international community continually expects her to do, there would be—in a very short period of time—nothing left to burn, let alone symbolic bridges.

PHILIP A. BAYLOR, WHITBY, ONT.

City Scene

Skills school

For the optimum of money without investment, for the handy, arts and crafts, for the witty, hot tips and sound advice, for the daring, adventure and daring-do—Toronto's Skills Exchange offers it all, neatly packaged in about 75 mini-courses on everything from wind surfing and Latin American dancing to commodity trading, from

ferd them. I get everyone from pensioners to the children of former students. I don't want the pseudo-philosophical who would turn out for a high-minded seminar," says Pollock. He holds each course at a different location, one of which is his own studio where his private collection, inspiration—and a gourmet meal which he cooks himself. Not every course is so successful. "You hit or miss, and I missed," says a casualty of a course in which "the instructor was an expert in self-promotion and that was about it." But so

many students are onto their unemployment course that Rinal refers to them as "Skills Exchange junkies."

Instructors provide their own facilities and materials, and courses are advertised in the 65,000 free catalogues. These are distributed monthly to shops across the city or mailed to former students, whom Rinal describes as "mostly young, upwardly mobile and in search of specific information which can be obtained more efficiently by taking a course than by reading a book."

Ann Finlayson

...tonguing and Chinese brush painting to "Kung Fu Your Own Driveway."

"Skills Exchange is really a money-maker," says a former student, "because the only thing exchanged is money for information." In fact, Director Norman Rinal, 39, a former management consultant, is well pleased that the endeavor (which began in 1977, modeled on "sell" share-and-share-alike exchanges in the United States) has shed its "vocally grandiose image" by providing no-nonsense courses taught by closely monitored experts in their fields—teaching experience is not essential. "Most professional teachers are lazy when it comes to incorporating new ideas," says Rinal. "We take the view that adults want practical information and that they can best obtain it from instructors who are successful at what they do."

One expert, Toronto art dealer Jack Pollock, looks upon the marketplace art course he has offered for the past two years as nothing less than an opportunity to instill "granola appreciation" by introducing 30 eager new students each month to his own passionately held ideas about art. "At about \$30 for four sessions, the courses are so inexpensive that anyone can af-

Now that you've discovered Campari...

Let this European favorite demonstrate its unique, refreshing taste difference in many ways. In Italy, Campari and soda is a tradition (try our Campari over ice, topped with soda and a slice of orange), but one good thing leads to another.

Americano

1 oz. CAMPARI
1 oz. Hot/Vermouth
Mix in highball glass with ice
top with soda. Garnish with slice of orange.

Pink Panache

1 oz. CAMPARI
Unsweetened pineapple juice
Garnish with lime
Mix in highball glass

Milano

1 oz. CAMPARI
Orange
Dash of orange
Mix in highball glass

Campari sodo



Marie May, C.G.A.,
Manager, Internal Audit Services,
The Co-operation, Guelph, Ontario

Marie is responsible for all financial internal audit functions and controls for The Co-operation group of insurance companies. With over 200 branches across Canada and corporate offices in both Guelph and Regina, she travels quite extensively. Her main role is to provide support to operating divisions in areas of training, program design and techniques, and to ensure that the actual audit process is carried out effectively. An equally important responsibility is to help staff with operational problems, to provide the connecting link sometimes needed between departments and to be available to listen. "You must come very nice people this way," says Marie.

Marie May is a Certified General Accountant (C.G.A.).

**Certified General
Accountants Association
of Ontario**



25 Adelaide St. E., Toronto M5C 2H6



PAUL MAZURSKY'S

WILLIE & PHIL

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS "WILLIE & PHIL"
MICHAEL ONTKEAN/MARGOT KIDDER/RAY SHARKEY
PRODUCED BY PAUL MAZURSKY AND TONY RAY
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY SVEN NYKVIST A.S.C. MUSIC BY CLAUDE BOLLING
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY PAUL MAZURSKY
PRINTS BY DE LUXE/COLOR BY MOVIELAB



EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT STARTS FRIDAY AUGUST 15th
TOWNE CINEMA TORONTO

Canada

Maclean's

Another squeeze at the can



By Wayne Skene

In the end, it was no bumbler. The announcement last Thursday by Alberta Energy Minister Marc Leitch creased unilaterally the price of oil by \$2 a barrel, effective Aug. 1, and natural gas by up to 40 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, effective Sept. 1. Instead of a half-barrel start to another federal-provincial squabble, the Canadian public was treated to the second act in a rather courteous but dimidial Alberta and Gas-taxer. Glimpse stepping to raise the price of Alberta oil to \$16 a barrel (still far below the world price of about \$20), following the failure of the Trudeau-Lougheed round of negotiations in Ottawa, was really the bottom line for Alberta. Anything bolder would have provoked the wrath of the federal government. Anything less would hardly have been worthwhile. In fact, the \$2 jump was the only point agreed upon at the ill-fated Ottawa meeting.

In Ottawa, Lougheed had asked for agreement on a 150-per-cent increase in the price of Alberta crude to \$27.35 a barrel by Jan. 1, 1994, compared to Trudeau's offer of \$27.00. In return, but largely overlooked, was the fact that Lougheed bent over backward to reach his per-barrel goal. He offered to accept lower royalties for future oil sands revenue (locking Williams free to be taxed by the federal government). He offered to put up \$7 billion in equity investment in



Leitch: The bottom line for Alberta

three proposed oil sands plants within the province and billions more for plant infrastructure. He offered to freeze Alberta royalty levels on conventional oil and gas, as well as freeze construction of natural gas pipelines into the Maritimes and make \$2 billion available for transportation development in Western Canada. Trudeau countered with a proposal that if the federal government got a larger share of the wellhead price, it would invest in similar projects. His experts warned him that Alberta's proposed increases in wellhead prices, based on the province's own estimates of future American and world prices, might cost Canadians twice as much as advertised. Stuck with an election promise to keep pump prices lower through 1994 than those the Clark Conservatives had proposed, he turned it all down.

The week following the breakdown was filled with fiery rhetoric. Sweared Alberta representatives talked of "no capitulation" and threatened to invoke Bill 50—the freeze-to-the-dark legislation that could impose oil production quotas. Senior federal Energy officials warned that anything in excess of \$2 a barrel would be considered "provocative" and could lead to implementation of the Petroleum Administration Act, enabling the cabinet to set oil prices.

But despite the choruses of political brinkmanship, the shock of not being able to find common ground made the

two seem like starry-eyed young lovers on their first date who wake up in the morning to realize they missed a golden opportunity by simply living good-night on the porch. Alberta's \$2-a-barrel hike can be perceived as a gesture to keep the "affair" alive. "We're prepared to continue talking," said Leitch.

In fact, announcement of the Alberta decision to go slow on oil pricing produced an audible sigh of relief in Ottawa. Energy Minister Marc Lalonde emerged from a cabinet meeting to give the Alberta decision his blessing. "In the circumstances we see no reason to object." The signals were clear: the federal government could live comfortably with \$2.

Despite the relatively favorable response to Alberta's price increase, deep-seated disagreement still remains on three major issues: the size and timing of future oil price increases, who gets what slice of the petroleum pie and the imposition of a federal export tax on natural gas. On the export tax, Alberta Saskatchewan (which promptly raised its own oil \$2 a barrel last week) and B.C. have discussed taking the issue to the Supreme Court. Lougheed sees the tax as a federal "trophy" on a provincial resource. Ottawa simply needs the money—\$10 billion over four years. Trudeau has already offered to forgo the tax if alternative means of secur-

Fredericton

Did the big fish get away?

Alex (Chander) Woodworth is a former oil salesman and New Brunswick Tory who, in 1971, found himself in a remarkably suspect position. Hired as a 41-year-old "representative" in the Progressive Conservative government's department of public works, Woodworth, by his own account, "never made a purchase" in 16 months on the job. Instead, "I observed mostly"—dishes that nonetheless earned him a government salary of \$416 per month, plus another \$484 per month from the PC party law firm, a New Brunswick judge found that the Conservatives had, in fact, "planted" Woodworth in the public works department to keep the party finance committee posted on any move involving government contracts and purchases. Accordingly, Mr. Justice J. Paul Barry declared a prominent Fredericton lawyer and Conservative fund-raiser, Francis Atkinson, guilty of making illegal payments to Woodworth, and—in an 18-page judgment—ruled on the Tories for operating a "conspiracy" scheme that, he said, constituted an indictment of democracy.

The case against Atkinson turned heavily on a meeting the finance committee held with several cabinet ministers of the Conservative government at Fredericton's Diplomat Hotel in July, 1972. Notes Atkinson kept at the meet-



Francis Atkinson; Judge Barry's conclusions were to be "cleared" or "told up."

ing were later seized by RCMP investigators. They showed that another member of the committee, Saint John lawyer Lawrence Mackan, had discussed holding up purchases and "if it was cleared, contracts must be held up." Declared Justice Barry: "The obvious inference is that, unless the terms of the committee were met, the contracts might not be awarded." Premier Richard Hatfield was also at the meeting but testified he left after a few minutes—something Barry found "very difficult to believe." Hatfield also denied receiving a letter Atkinson wrote earlier informing him of "the appointment of a co-ordinator in purchasing" and, conceded Barry, "...

there is no evidence that he did receive it." Much to the pleasure to the judge was Hatfield's contention that it is an established, acceptable practice for political parties to maintain a reserve fund from which politicians and party faithful can be helped or rebuffed. Atkinson's lawyers had argued that, in fact, Woodworth was only one of several recipients of these "special payments." Among others: various cabinet ministers, Lowell Murray—now a senator—who received a \$15,000-to-\$30,000 salary while serving as the premier's deputy,

and Hatfield himself, though he later returned the money. "Write Barry: 'I assume make myself believe, on [the premier's] say-so alone, that all of our elected leaders may call upon such resources when required because of alleged financial need. That is an indictment of our system which I refuse to accept.' A democracy could not long survive in such a climate."

The guilty verdict cheered New Brunswick Liberals, who have been taking their wounds since a former leader, Robert Higgins (now a judge, we recall, resigned in 1978 after a bloody, apparently judicial inquiry was not asked to probe the Liberals' charged a pervasive kickback system and rejected Higgins' contention that the provincial justice department interfered with the political investigations. Certainly Barry was not taking in his condemnation of Tory behavior. He said Woodworth had been installed in his government job with the help of "at least two, if not more, cabinet members." He wondered why more people hadn't been charged with Atkinson, since "many others were involved in the scheme and the payment of money to Woodworth." And, during the trial, he even recommended that the provincial justice department consider laying perjury charges against one witness, former cabinet minister Cecil Moores.

When court resumed for sentencing at week's end, Barry had a suggestion that could, as he said, "advance the sense of justice." If Atkinson agreed to cooperate with the RCMP in further investigation and if the Crown agreed not to prosecute him additionally, the judge would consider giving him an ob-

scure discharge. After an hour's recess, during which Crown prosecutor David Hatfield conferred with provincial Attorney General Rodman Logan, the government refused to grant the immunity. His attempt at saving a wider net frustrated, Barry then gave Atkinson—who might have suffered two years in jail and the end of his 30-year legal career—his absolute discharge anyway.

David Folster

Saskatchewan

Requiem for a tough old bird



Beaver II: by the showiest of coincidences

The day dawned warm and sunny in the town of La Ronge in northern Saskatchewan, but by the time Captain John Stewart took his single-engine Beaver aircraft up to 4,000 feet and aimed it east, a violent weather cell had made the air as rough as a corn cob. His Beaver had been through that many times before, though, in its 35-year career of ferrying people and goods around vast stretches of northern Canada. What made last week's trip extraordinary was that Stewart's bush plane was Beaver II, a tough old bird and the first of a legendary breed that de Havilland Canada started propelling skyward in 1948, and that the journey was the Beaver's last. After logging two million miles (3 1/2 million km) and wearing out 16 engines in 16,296 flying hours, last week the plane ceremoniously joined the national aeronautics collection in Ottawa.

The six-engine Beaver's history is one of aviation's greatest success stories, in which sound design and a little bit of luck combined to produce an aircraft of such sturdiness and versatility

that, within a few years of Beaver II's birth, his brothers were in service in 16 countries around the world. In all, 1,532 Beavers were built before production was halted in 1983—and of those more than half are still in operation. Beaver I was first put into service by Central B.C. Airlines in 1948 and for 14 years, on wheels, pontoons or skis, it whirled around the North until it was sold to Northwest Airlines in 1966, then to Rex Aviation and finally to NorCan Air in 1969.

When Beaver I reached down in South St. Mary's in 1969, Captain Stewart tossed it up to the dock where it was soon joined by another Beaver holding in the waters of Lake St. Mary's. The other Beaver, if de Havilland's public

The referee in the sky

Encountering a group of youngsters on a Saint John street last week in 1958, Lord Beaverbrook made them a remarkable, though characteristic, promise: he would build them a few indoor rink where they could skate. The legendary press baron, who grew up in New Brunswick, "donated the rink to the city in 1960, honoring his pledge to the kids by insisting that the ice surface was 'not to be used for professional hockey.' But did the Beaver really mean to leave out the pros from his arena, for all time? This city of Saint John and a committee that runs the rink went to court two weeks ago to argue that he did not—and that this 20-year-old prohibition should therefore be lifted.

The city and rink group wanted the change to allow an American Hockey "Major Ice Arena in Maple Court, an arena in the city to be built in 1958."



League franchise. The American Syracuse N.Y. franchise, by the way, had a home at Saint John's Maple Court, the city skating rinks. In court, the city skaters took up the case. Robert Higgins, a former college referee who obviously knew something about protecting a goal. When it became clear that the only lawyers on the case—one for the applicant

and one representing the provincial justice minister—labeled the change Higgins declared that "anybody should speak for the skaters" and promptly appointed a lawyer to represent them. The ensuing arguments were somewhat (but barely) and reached into the larger arena of politics: youth stan-

dards, even minority rights. Saint John Mayor Robert Crockett, for whom funding a pro team is vital in building the new sports complex he promised in May a civic election, said this Beaverbrook rink's deficit of \$200,000 over the past three years had become excessive—a claim Higgins challenged. Higgins would also say that youngsters on line but other spokesmen argued that having pros in town would be good for the kids and for local pride—especially since local Winston and Healey already took ice. Bears. Looking over all of this was the chairman of the Lord Beaverbrook—so much so that the city's lawyer, Neil McKewen, finally asked "Is Lord Beaverbrook to run us from the rink?"

In the end, his did. Last week Higgins, declaring Beaverbrook's last agreement with Saint John, said the rink should be clear in mind, purpose and responsibility. "I damaged the rink to be changed. It left the city without a rink for the Fredericton and the Beaver's game plan of 25 years ago was old news." David Folster

Deep in the art of taxes

By Elizabeth Gray

In the curators' offices at Canada's National Gallery in Ottawa they keep a list of lost opportunities. The list includes items such as the Gernsheim collection of early Baroque photographs offered to Canada in the 1960s but never pursued. In 1919, Lord Beaverbrook wanted to donate money toward a new building. The National Gallery still does not have a new building. "There is a pathological suspicion in this country of people who want to donate works of art," says Miss Gervin, the National Gallery's curator of drawings. "Canadians seem to feel it is improper to collect art and income to pay for it."

The morality or immorality of the escalating prices of art has perhaps never been posed in such dramatic terms in Canada as right now. It is an intensely secretive battle over an essentially public question, the lines are drawn close to breaking point between custodians of the public purse and custodians of our cultural heritage. The combatants are dealers, investors, collectors and tax officials in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Chicago. At stake is one of the world's finest photographic collections, the international reputation of the National Gallery and the tax dollars of average Canadians. Millions of tax dollars.

Put simply, an anonymous group of Canadian investors has offered to buy the photographic collection of a Chicago lawyer named Arnold Crane and donate it to the National Gallery under the terms of the Cultural Property Export and Import Act, which should enable them to a 100-per-cent tax deductibility and no capital gains tax. Since the act came into effect in 1977, the 18-member review board charged with implementing it has issued 488 tax certificates to a value of \$37.7 million. Previous treasures have thus found their way into our respected cultural institutions. But here tax law has become the merest of Canada's investment opportunity.

Then came Crane, and suddenly, last March, guesses in Revenue Canada began wondering aloud when a writ would be signed, and the system began to come unstuck. Last March the National Gallery formally applied to the Cultural Property Export Review Board for the cherished tax status on behalf of its would-be Crane donors. As required, the public body's application included two appraisals of the collection's fair market value done by outside evalu-



Roger Pastore's 1888 photo of officers in the Crimea (above), and (right) anonymous depictions of Edgar Allan Poe, circa 1840: 'a pathological suspicion?'



REUTERS/ALAN COOPER

ators. The evaluators, Harry Leon Jr. of Washington and George Einhart of New York, both high-ranking American art dealers, were hired by the anonymous donors, in keeping with Canadian practice. They set the fair market value of the Crane collection at a staggering \$97 million plus.

Members of the Cultural Property Review Board, including art establishment figures such as Roy Fraser Elliott and Doris Shadoff, were unanimous in their enthusiasm. They granted the tax certificate. But the donors waited none. Before finishing their purchase from Crane, they wanted a ruling from Revenue Canada that its taxmen would not come back to question the evaluation at some later date. To make their case they had to let Revenue Canada in on the price they had agreed to pay Arnold Crane. Revenue Canada isn't telling, but informed speculation puts it between \$1 and \$8 million. An overnight difference of close to \$10 million in the market value of a collection of photographs, no matter how good, was too much for Revenue Canada. That difference, said the government, is proof, and should be treated as such. So far, despite discreet interventions from people such as Ian Christie Clark, secretary-general of Canada's National Museums, Revenue Canada has refused the donors their ruling. They're still negotiating, and as the sale awaits completion a lot



Borroman (above), Crane (below), Hypocrite Bayard's 1847 photo of two women sewing (right), and (bottom, right) Lewis Hiss's 1912 portrait of a girl asleep in a cotton field, nervous tick



tax Ministers of Art in New York may make him change his mind.

Right now, Crane isn't answering his phone unless it is to take calls from people such as Bill Baker, 34, a Montreal dealer. Baker, with his legal adviser and friend, Ken Solomon, a Montreal lawyer, has put together the consortium of investors whose names are still such a closely guarded secret. Baker has been on a long and isolated holiday and Solomon was reluctant to comment, but, when pressed, admitted that "the difficulties are not unexpected. Things are more subtle than has been thoroughly tested. And it is a major transaction. The magnitude of the collection and the dollars involved have made the authorities wary and suspicious."

But of all the players the one suffering the most anguish is James Borroman, the National Gallery's curator of photographs. Borroman began buying photographs in the late '60s when, as education curator, he slipped them in under his houses budget because no one else could be convinced of their value. Today, his \$200,000 collection is valued at \$1 million at best. "Any-

where you go in the world in this business, people know about Jim Borroman in Canada," says Toronto gallery owner Jane Corkin. "He has done wonders for the National Gallery and if he gets the Crane collection he will have put as a par with Eschsch House in Rochester."

It was Corkin who introduced Borroman to Crane in Toronto five years ago. Since then, Borroman has waited and played—waited for the legislation that now offers incentives to investors to buy a collection selling for 15 times his gallery's annual purchasing budget, and plotted to find the investors who would offer that money to Crane. Similar legislation has been a fact of life in the U.S. for years and has allowed American in-

stitutions to flourish as donations while Canada's went hungry. But there is an important difference in the American system that negates the possibility of ripoff over witcraft. A prospective donor to a U.S. institution may not hire his own evaluators, his donation is appraised by three experts unknown to him, hired by an independent body. Although as one is denying the quality of the Crane collection or the professionalism of its appraisers, even its most ardent boosters admit to the nagging possibility of grossing up the best of situations. How can a collection be assessed at \$17 million for tax purposes today when its purchases have yet to be paid tomorrow for \$10 million less? ☐



The Fifth Horseman and the apocalypse

By Marc McDaniell

The plot of the current French best-seller, *The Fifth Horseman*, is pure fiction: a president of the United States receives a cassette-recorded ultimatum from Libyan strong man Muammar Khadaffi demanding that he force Israel to withdraw from the occupied West Bank and East Jerusalem or a nuclear bomb will be detonated in the heart of Manhattan. But last week, as Israel went ahead with its reliable claim to annex East Jerusalem as its official capital, the scenario of the latest news thriller by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre about an Islamic bomb seemed closer to fact than fabrication.

In real life the conservative venture as a recently published Israeli intelligence report which has strained already tense France-Israeli relations. Its evidence, warning by 1985, and thanks to large part to French help, Iraq will have the nuclear capacity to produce at least three atomic bombs.

As American and European nuclear experts contend, the alarm is so firm, Iraq agreed to purchase a 30-megawatt oil-fired nuclear reactor from France along with six charges of 25 kg of uranium, enriched to 90 per cent—an acknowledged weapons-grade quantity of fuel.

Since then, wickling the big stick of its immense oil reserves, Iraq has produced not only France—for whom it is the second-largest supplier of oil—letting go ahead with the \$275-million sale. It has also persuaded oil-hungry Italy and Brazil to supply the extra cash will

help transform the purchase into the potential for another Hiroshima. Last January, the Iraqis won a promise of guaranteed uranium supplies and technological trade-offs from Brazil, which is in the throes of developing its own nuclear program. From Italy, the Iraqis have just bought four research labs for \$80 million, one of which is scheduled to be installed later this year to winnow out plutonium—the stuff of atomic weapons.

In Israel, where Iraq is dreaded as its most implacable Middle Eastern foe, Deputy Defense Minister Mordechai Tanenbaum demanded that the government make its feelings known to French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Sponsored the angry director of Moshe Chaim Bevan's office, "Israel cannot sit and wait for an Iraqi bomb to fall on its head." In fact, amid the trail of sabotage and blood littering the wake of the French reactor sale, there are suspicions Israel hasn't. In April last year, a sophisticated explosion ripped through the French Riviera factory near Toulon where the reactor was in storage waiting to be shipped to Baghdad, destroying the core.

Barriers immediately pointed at the Israeli secret service squad, Mossad. Then, two months ago, Yehia El-Masbudi, the 48-year-old Egyptian nuclear scientist who was the key to Iraq's at-

Toulon reactor (far left), Chirac (left) with Haskeli, Jacques Chirac d'Estaing & Barlier closer to fact than fabrication

once program, was found bloodpooned to death in his Paris hotel room behind a soot-soaked sign. A prefecture, questioned by police and then released, was finally pushed from a moving car days later. Once more, speculation led to Jerusalem.

The Iraqis—when they overcome their reluctance to discuss the subject—protest that the reactor will purr with only peaceful intentions. But it does appear strange that the world's second-largest oil exporter should show such fervent interest in alternative energy sources. Nor has Israel forgotten the avowed of a major number of Iraq's Revolutionary Command Council as a 1977 Arab League meeting that "Still Iraq desires that it has signed the international nuclear nonproliferation treaty—something that both Israel and France have refused to do. Indeed, some observers note that Israel has not kept onto the issue even more aware for fear of calling attention to its own secret nuclear facilities in the Negev Desert." Indeed, recently, two decades ago with French assistance.

Israel is not the only country wary of an atomic bomb in the hands of Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, a secretive revolutionary whose longtime resistance with the Soviet Union large has supplied with arms while not preventing him from a recent flirtation with the White House. Nor is Hussein the only power-tripper to hold the potential for a



Good Cooking, Good Reading, Good Entertaining.... Good Buy!

2 Extra Issues Free!

Good Cooking. 50 years of cooking experience! 250 superb recipes! herbaceous dishes, family favorites, etc. All kitchen-tested for the "Golden Anniversary Recipe Collection".

Good Entertaining. A unique guide that includes a section on cooking with wine, 31 recipes and menus for festive occasions... years in "The Romance of Wine & Food".

Good Reading. Chateau... Canada's most popular women's magazine... keeps you up-to-date on cooking, health, beauty, fashion, careers, money and MORE.

Good Buy. Take 12 issues of Chateau and choose your Gift: Take 35 issues and GET THEM BOTH. Enclose payment now and we'll send you 2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE!

12 issues only \$5

(Save 56% off cover price, 57% off reg. sub. rate)

25 issues only \$10

(Save 60% off cover price, 60% off reg. sub. rate)

CHOOSE YOUR BONUS GIFT

GET BOTH BONUS GIFTS

chateau

Special Limited Time Offer

☐ Bill me later for 12 issues of Chateau for \$5 PLUS. ☐ I've enclosed \$5... send me 34 issues of Chateau for \$10.

☐ Bill me later for 25 issues of Chateau for \$10 plus BOTH BONUS GIFTS. ☐ I've enclosed \$10... send me 37 issues of Chateau plus BOTH BONUS GIFTS.

First name: Last name: Address: Apt. City: State: Postal Code: 7L2114

Box 600, Postal Station A, Windsor, MS0 1A7

nuclear holocaust within his grasp. Argentina and South Africa do so and, when then French president Jacques Chirac went against Baghdad's petrodollars—prompting the Israelis to dub the master Ochiruc—France also had contacts to sell nuclear know-how to South Korea and Pakistan, since established as a result of U.S. state department pressure.

As it turned out, the public has about defined Pakistan's offer was hardly worth the bother. A *Washington Post* article revealed that General Musharraf, the U.S.-filed was already building his own enrichment factory, thanks to plans granted from the Netherlands. What's more, hundreds of tons of uranium were found moving into Pakistan out of the African republic of Niger from companies largely owned and operated by the French, among them the president's cousin, Jacques Ghicard d'Estange. Such portents brush particularly close to the plot of *The Fifth Wave*, and the returning refusal of countries such as France to sign nonproliferation treaties in the wake of spreading nuclear know-how has increased even more. President Chirac's *L'Espresso* confessed: "The attitude of the French government is farmed as to some degree to write the book." □

South Korea

If you can't beat them, purge them

"**D**irty prevalence has certainly played a role," sniggered the chunky, balding former prosecutor when asked to explain his dramatic rise to power. That these words could mean more than a hint of irony for South Koreans familiar with the political misadventures of General Chun Doo-hwan, 48, who by last week had emerged as the heir apparent to the presidential mantle of the assassinated Park Chung-hee. For while Chun handsily maintains that the future is not his to predict, he is certainly not shies from his fate as a judge—and he has done little to defuse the rising speculation that he will run for the presidency in elections promised for next spring.

Since he edged out an older generation of generals to take over as military strong man last year, Chun has systematically consolidated his control over the feeble-minded civilian administration of President Choi Kyu-han and eliminated opposition by a campaign of massive arrests. In a six-week "purification campaign," fished after the one carried out by Park shortly after his

ouster in 1980, Chun has purged 7,000 "corrupt" employees from the civil service and 300 from the Korean Central Intelligence Agency (KCIA). Among these gone are the three Kims who overshadowed him in the presidential stakes.

First to go was Kim Jong-pil, 54, a favorite in conservative circles and Park's longtime aide, who was arrested on grounds of corruption, forced to renounce all public office and freed on the condition that he receive \$30 million worth of loans and property accumulated during his years in power. Next,

testa have flowed in countless countries, most notably from the U.S. state department whose spokesmen read the charges were at best "harsh-fetched." But while the international pressure is expected to save Kim from the death penalty, he probably will receive a long prison term and thus not be around next spring.

Chun's next footsteps has also cost doubt upon the repeated assurances of Choi that the new constitution promised for the fall will return the country to democracy (presently one-third of the National Assembly are presidential



Army rounds up students (top), Chun (left), Kim Doo-jung, 'Merkel' vs. focus on the press of Seoul

appointees). That has long been the demand of opposition politicians and dissidents who range from church groups to students. At present, however, there is little need for Chun to heed their complaints. Dissidents say that the law on political speech and association is tighter now than during all but the most exceptional periods of Park's rule. "We can't hear or say anything," said one prominent Chun critic recently, after being released from jail because of his advancing years. His words were

borne out by the troops that have trailed unruly university campuses since martial law was imposed nationwide in May and by the foreign journalists in Seoul, newswriters with paragraphs and whole pages snipped out by the censor.

Chun himself has taken to wearing civilian garb lately in his capacity as head of the standing committee, which directs the cabinet and controls the government ministries. But if he is to exchange his general's livery for a presidential suit next spring, he will require more than the silent tolerance South Koreans currently accord him. And in that regard his prospects are poor. Said one Seoul intellectual: "We are mentally and spiritually tired after 18 years of military dictatorship. People are not ready to respond to martial variations on the theme of Park."

John Frawley
with correspondents' files

Bolivia

The secret war of attrition

They met last Friday in an undisclosed location in La Paz, a handful of Bolivian resistance leaders, among them survivors of a machine-gun attack by paramilitary thugs on the offices of the Bolivian Workers Central which helped to launch the July 17 military coup. Most of those present, such as peasant leader Genaro Flores, had been in hiding since last October.

Less than 48 hours earlier, the group had drawn up a declaration calling on Bolivians to resist the two-week-old dictatorship of General Luis Garcia Mesa. The statement, distributed surreptitiously, called for the formation of a clandestine government. Now the group was seeking to meet with Hernán Filles Rosen, the leftist moderate who, but for the coup, would have been president thanks to his June election victory.

The outcome of such clandestine meetings now taking place in Bolivia

will largely determine the country's political future. Much of the military's early success was due to the inability of democratic-minded politicians to unite in opposition. Now, with telephone lines tapped, soldiers and paramilitary thugs roaming the streets, enemies everywhere and a 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. curfew, the task becomes more difficult.

Nevertheless, opposition leaders are pursuing their efforts to form a parallel government which would seek recognition from foreign governments. To date a mere six countries—Argentina, Uruguay, Ecuador, Peru, Chile and Cuba—have agreed to have supplied Garcia Mesa with arms: Panama, Brazil, Taiwan, Egypt and Israel have acknowledged the new junta.

The general, meanwhile, last week held his first "press conference" (no questions permitted). The "climate of normalcy" now reigning in Bolivia, he said, was proof of the people's support. The military would remain in power until "national reconstruction" has been achieved. Garcia Mesa also repeated an earlier claim that deposed acting president Lidia Gueiler—now in hiding in the Valparaíso legislature—had withdrawn the government over to the Armed Forces. As for worldwide foreign criticism: "We are not obligated to ask permission from Russia, China, Cuba or the United States in order to make one step or another."

In fact, despite the repression by the army and the paramilitary—thousands have been spirited away to places like La Paz's football stadium where patients lines of relatives daily wait in vain for news of loved ones—the country is far from normal. In the tin mines of the south, where army atrocities are said to have caused 50 deaths and 300 arrests, strikers armed with dynamite and deceptical rifles are fighting on in mine shafts threatening to blow them up rather than give in. And miners of some army units charged with breaking resistance received some substantial last week with the repression.

Mesa, the army governing prisoners at football stadium, public face of resistance



ment of a divisional and a corps commander by Mesa sympathizers. So while the crackdown continues the opposition also persists. Even in La Paz, as the ousted politician meet in secret, snipers fire and nightly explosions provide graphic proof of it.

Mary Helen Spooner

Iran

All the president's woes



Majlis in session (top) and (from left) Mr. Gohar, Mr. Gohar, Mr. Gohar, Mr. Gohar



If the taste of defeat takes some getting-used to, Iranian President Abolhasan Bani-Sadr has certainly had enough practice in his clashes with the hard-line clerics of the Islamic Republican Party (IRP), the country's real rulers—most notably over the six-week, off-again release of the U.S. hostages. But last week he came up a hour yet again, when the IRP-dominated Majlis (parliament) rejected his choice of premier, making it impossible any longer

to ignore the question many have been asking for some time now: how much longer can he continue in office?

There were no delusions that selecting a prime minister, the first since Moshe Sharett had quit last Nov. 6 because he, too, could not cope with the available, would be simple. Constitutionally the office is one of the most important government posts. Yet, in practice, the candidate must be capable of playing go-between for Ben-Sadat and his plausible foes in the Majlis, a role requiring great finesse. And the task of choosing a premier was made even more tricky by Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's edict that the new man and his cabinet must be "100-percent Islamic, revolutionary and free"—meaning in the real-life camp, not the president's. This effectively ruled out most of the politicians eyeing the vacancy and put Ben-Sadat well on the road to defeat from the start.

His first choice for the post was 55-year-old Hossein Mir-Salim, a French-trained mechanical engineer and top member who at least was less conservative than such fanatics as Jalaluddin Ferehi, Ayatollah Jafar Khatibzadeh (Iran's "hanging judge") and Ayatollah Mohammad Behzati, who pulls most of the strings in present-day Iran. But Mir-Salim was too bland, and not "Islamic" enough to get the president out of trouble. Also, on his official post, "Anyone who has spent 30 years in France [never] can be wary anti-Khomeini enclaves" is suspect." So after several days of virulent debate in the Majlis, Ben-Sadat decided to hold off a confrontation by asking members to postpone a vote of confidence in Mir-Salim and suppressing the formation of a commission to make the choice. One of its members, Beni-Sadat planned, was to have been a Khomeini representative.

The Ayatollah, however, quickly ruled out this attempt to use him as a mediator in the post. Choosing a prime minister, he said with finality, was the president's responsibility. If he and the Majlis disagreed, that was his business.

Then, at week's end, matters rested. The opposition exists in theory but its composition, all 112 members except one Beni-Sadat man, meant that the odds were still stacked against the president. "Eleven against three—that's not a vote for a statue," he complained, in reference to the popular vote he received in last January's elections. But that is exactly what he would become if the 112 were to push an advantage. There were signs that it might do just that—and now. Beni-Sadat's most implacable opponent, top leader Hassan Ayat, remarked in a newspaper interview that if the impasse continued, the constitution provided for the president's removal.

Alc Brodie

U.S.A.

No shelter from the fallout



Buzzes from Misses Universe (left) and U.S.A. for Carter being presidential



By Michael Posner

Richard Reagan had a fine work day—chance, he pruned a few trees around his house in Pacific Palisades, an aging Texas engineer's light workout. He taped several commercials for his fall presidential campaign and later released his 1978 income tax returns, he earned \$415,878 and gave back almost half of it. You can't fault a man for turning an honest buck. He might also have permitted himself a moment of pyrotechnics. Across the continent in Washington, the Democratic opposition seemed in utter disarray. Jimmy Carter was trying mightily to appear presidential—addressing \$15 million in loans to finance relocation of New York state's Love Canal residents, signing a \$1.4-billion accord with Japan and West Germany to produce oil from America's coal—but nothing altered the central concerns of the president's traumatic work brother Billy's career: Libya controversies and the sudden, alarming



Kennedy with independent candidate John Anderson (above), another ex-candidate (left) and "Bible" documents (right). Information moved placement

eruption in support for Carter's re-election next week in New York.

Fallout from the "Biblegate" affair and the feared U.S. economy compared to put Carter's standing among the electorate as an historic low point for incumbents. Only 22 per cent, claimed pollster Louis Harris, approved the president's handling of the job. A second poll in California confessed the worst scenario of Jimmy's allies—Carter is running third behind Republican candidate Ronald Reagan and Independent John Anderson. "The president," concluded Senator Hugh Roth (Ind.-Inf.), "is in trouble."

The dimensions of the crisis should become clear in the weeks ahead, as a special Senate subcommittee (chaired by Bayh) probes the younger Carter's unfortunate relationship with Libya. Questions are being how did Billy Car-

ter arrange a \$220,000 loan from the Libyans as 10-per-cent interest? What did he do with the money? What did the Libyans expect in return? Did Billy let to justice department officials about the payments? When did the White House first learn of the loan? Did anyone alert Billy to poor knowledge of the loan, prompting him to register as a foreign agent after 38 months of declining to do so? Was Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti's "brief, informal exchange" with the president about his department's investigation of Billy a subtle characterization of justice? Or merely an understated slip of the legal tongue?

Professing innocence, Carter forces seemed to stop this hemorrhage of innuendoes. White House aides took to the telephone to slay the growing fears of Carter's conviction: delegates. Cutting short his California tour, campaign boss Robert Strauss flew back to Washington to launch a counteroffensive, admitting only that Billy had added an element of "confusion to our situation."

Press spokesman Jay Powell released copies of cables the president had discussed with his brother after Billy's

ways and it simply wasn't worth

All of this, and Carter's dramatic slide in the polls, this week provoked the Committee to Continue the Open Convention, headed by prominent Washington attorney Edward Bennett Williams. Under proposed rule P13H, scheduled to be debated on the convention's opening day, delegates would first be bound to cast ballot votes for the candidate they were selected to represent in primaries and caucuses, thus ensuring a first-ballot victory for Jimmy Carter. Williams announced his considerable rhetorical skills to condemn the proposed rule as contravening 180 years of Democratic tradition. "We believe in the freedom of the delegates," he thundered. "This rule would make them nothing more than robots."

An ancient number of pro- and anti-Carter forces are now working assiduously to open the convention, among them supporters of Senator Edward Kennedy, whose bid and final hope of securing the nomination rests on defeating the rule. But burning more damaging revelations about Billy, it seems unlikely the damp-Carter coalition



There's no business in show business

At the art deco portals of Twentieth Century-Fox studio in Hollywood, watching Los Angeles television, 1,000 actors—many of famous Hollywood fame among them—will stage a free show. Stars, cowboys, Indians, magicians, models and roller-skating ice-players will brandish picket signs while tourists peek and tv cameras scan. It's Hollywood's greatest strike, a sliding strike extraordinaire, now in its third day, fresh from major success at the games of Columbia and Warner Bros. Never was a picket line less likely to be crossed. The 45,000 striking U.S. movie and tv actors who have rioted since stages from London to London were determined, in a long, hot summer of Hollywood discontent, to wait this one out. Last week, the 5,000-member American Federation of Musicians (AFM), the biggest showbiz union, joined the walkout, stopping work on films and productions completed before performers struck.

Behind the broken act, Fox has a better fight: over two key players—"Naphtali" of artists by the big studios and their multinational owners, and union demands for a slice of profits from the booming new pay-tv, home cassette and video-disc markets. "The outcome," says Screen Actors Guild (SAG) President William Schallert, "will govern our lives and our livelihoods well into the next century." Certainly the stakes on both sides are high. The strike is costing the entertainment industry \$50 million a week, and it has been timed to wreck programming at all three major tv networks just as the fall season battle begins.

That means if it runs time, American No new *Laverne & Shirley*, no *Happy Days*, only one episode of *M*A*S*H* in the can. "The world must wait till Carter's strike is over," says John J. J. predicts Dallas Producer Leonard Lauder. CBS, NBC and ABC shut a sharp in ad revenues as a result. Meanwhile, producers on a dozen new feature films are dropping \$100,000 a day as stars such as Burt Reynolds (flying off *Night Train*), Jack Nicholson (making *The Border* on the Mexican border) and Burt Reynolds (flying off *Night Train*) cut their expensive deals. Thousands of bumper stock employees have been laid off.

Besides a straight 35-per-cent pay raise increases, SAG and AFM, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, are demanding a six-per-cent share of gross revenues from the blossoming new "supplemental" video market.

First trip to Libya in September, 1978, the cables were entirely one-sided. Carter himself cancelled a fund-raising effort in Cleveland, flying to Camp David to prepare a statement for the Senate subcommittee.

But even the most charitable interpretation of events must concede that Carter's performance has been less than polished. Promising complete disclosure, the White House has instead issued information piecemeal, sidestepping facts he's revealed elsewhere and underestimating the magnitude of coverage.

Worse, while disavowing Billy's friendship with a nation that gives sanctuary to terrorists, the White House depicted Billy's behavior by depicting him as a diplomatic emissary. President Carter is trying to have it both

ways can succeed. Senator Kennedy is denigrated by vast sections of the press. Senator Barry (Calif.) Jackson and Representative Morris Udall (Ariz.) are being investigated by State Department. While, seeing his job to Carter, is hardly well-positioned to urge rebellion.

In short, for better or ill, the Democrats seem destined to have Carter. Pella are reversible. He is the incumbent and a fierce campaigner. So far, despite Billy's best efforts, despite Sen. Deane, despite the financial luncheon as president, the young man's courage, despite everything, Carter's image of personal integrity remains unscathed. That may not be much on which to run an election campaign but, in the turmoil to New York, the Democrats don't have too many choices.



Cowboy stars (from left), Ricardo Montalban, Lorenzo Seft, Pugh Barry and Jack Klugman: a straggles

which analysts say could become a billion-dollar industry in the next decade. Already one million U.S. homes have the new equipment, and that figure should quadruple in the next two years. So management intends to fight that demand "all the way." The studios are also seeking an end to what expenses amount to as Hollywood's favorite nuisance, the Motion Picture Association's "Creative Artists Tax" (CAT). A recent example: Cher's *Angels* stayed among the Top 10 TV shows for three seasons, but managed to show a \$10-million loss in that per-

od. The producers were charged with cheating partners Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood and the series' writers of their share of profits.

Recently, a host of top stars—including Paul Newman, Jason Roberts and Cliff Robertson—have run ads in the Hollywood trade magazines charging that "Hollywoodgate" has created "a revolt in our industry which has grown

with each successive profit-sharing scandal. The industry's integrity is at stake." It was Cliff Robertson who blew the whistle as the *Business* cheating scandal three years ago. David Begelman, then head of Columbia Pictures, was forced to admit embezzling \$60,000, including a cheque forged in Robertson's name. Now rehabilitated after making a film on the horrors of drug abuse—*Begelman* is back as head of movies for MGM. He faces Robertson, an A&E activist, in the current bargaining war.

In an attempt to break the strike deadlock, federal mediators have suggested both sides to meetings this week, but no one is very sanguine. The studio executive said briefly: "SAG and AFTRA don't have cash in the kitty for a long strike." But the fact is that 90 per cent of union members now less than \$5,000 a year from acting. "When the deal" said one young actress in an L.A. welfare line last week, "we're out of work most of the year anyway. It's the producers who're hurting." Wilkes Boobie

Standin' in the need of prayer

What's wrong with the United States? It's a question Americans have been asking with ever greater urgency in recent months. And last week William H. Rehnquist, head of the Supreme Court for Christ, came up with an answer. The country, he told a congressional committee, had suffered "plagues" caused by the 1962 Supreme Court ruling that ended prayer in public schools. On his list of afflictions, the assassinations of the Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King Jr., the Vietnam War, skyrocketing crime and violent protests and mounting sexual morality.

Right was testifying before a House committee considering legislation already passed by the Senate, that would open the door for such state to debate about the status of prayer in public schools and other public buildings. But the debate process to be as heated as it is long. While Rehnquist termed the Supreme Court ruling 18 years ago "the darkest hour in the history of our nation," prominent religious organizations such as the National Council of Churches representing 32 Protestant and Catholic Orthodox sects, the Baptist and Committee and the B'nai B'rith disagreed, saying it is not the business of government to institute prayer to be recited in schools.

Pro-prayer groups claim that ending the school day with voluntary prayer sets a tone for good behavior and right prayer what they see as the declining morality of America's youth. However, William Howard, president of the National



Council of Churches, says it's a "trap" to require a two-minute prayer at the start of the day will "reduce violence, eliminate alcohol and drug addiction and increase respect for authority."

Moreover, some congressmen think the historic over prayer is obscuring the real part of the legislation. Said George DeLoach of California: "School prayer stands a place in the public eye with busing, abortion and gun control. As such, it is subject to misperception." What Congress must decide, he said, was not whether prayer in the schools was a good thing, but whether the Congress could use a session of the U.S. Constitution called the "exclusion clause" to decide what sort of cases the Supreme Court might hear. Indeed, the legislation, known as the "Hefers Amendment" for its author, Senator Jesse Helms, simply lists the issue of school prayer away from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court and gives it to the state courts.

That is precisely what worries the U.S.

Wisconsin (from left), Robinson, William Murray, Crane: National over prayer

justice department, which views any use of the "exclusion clause" as a potentially dangerous precedent. The chairman of the House Subcommittee, Robert Kennedy, held the hearings last week in a successful attempt to prevent a move by pro-prayer Representative Philip Crane to force a vote on the House floor before the usual hearings procedure. As Gary Jamin of the pro-prayer organization Christian Voice angrily explained: "The hearings are merely a ploy to stop the momentum in gathering signatures on Crane's petition." Evangelist James Robertson, who agreed with Rehnquist about the "plagues" was another of those who were not amused. The Supreme Court has reminded those who have faith in God. "He said in his day Jesus drew it. 'You think we're in trouble now, being in there, it's gonna get worse'."

Catherine Fox

Just when you thought it was safe to get back on the highway...



IT'S ALL NEW!



BURT REYNOLDS • JACKIE GLEASON • JERRY REED • DOM DeLUIS and SALLY FIELD

A RASTAR/MORT ENGELBERG Production "SMILEY AND THE BANDIT II"

Also starring: PAUL WILLIAMS • PAT McCORMICK • Screenplay by JERRY BELSON and BROCK YATES

Story by MICHAEL KANE • Music Supervision by SNUFF GARETT • Produced by HANK MOONLEAN

Directed by HAL NEEDHAM • A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

© 1983 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

OPENING AUGUST 15 AT A SELECTED THEATRE NEAR YOU.

THE NEW IMPERIALISTS

By Anthony Whittingham



leg trips to Saudi Arabia and exploratory waste in China sprinkled in between.

Canada's famed West Coast architect will now be spending part of every month in Los Angeles. Erickson's success last month as the architect chosen to lead the design team for the \$1-billion Banker Hill development project in downtown L.A. gives him newfound U.S. exposure. But to Cadillac Fairview Corporation, the Toronto real estate development company that won the contract to finance and build Erickson's project, working in the U.S. is old hat. In fact, in the week following the Banker Hill announcement, Cadillac Fairview casually picked up another contract across the continent—the \$310-million River Walk redevelopment in New York City—to add to its already impressive list of ongoing projects in six U.S. states.

None of these announcements generated screaming headlines on either side of the border—no beautiful flag-waving in Canada, no nervous nationalism in the U.S. Either, it is an increasing pattern. Last month, Vancouver's First City Financial Corp. spent more than \$60 million to take another bite of the New York-based Ruche Group Inc., sixth-largest home builder in the U.S. Just last week, Toronto's International Thomson Organization Ltd. invested a further \$32 million in its Dallas-based oil and gas partnership. Both moves were greeted with a similarly quiet magazine. And a few weeks earlier, when Toronto's Jenco Limited opened a gleaming new brickmaking plant in Mineral Wells, Tex., few of the residents were even aware it was Canadian money and Canadian expertise that had brought 60

new jobs to their community. "It's not something you go waving the flag about," explains Jenco's Jay Adams, vice-president of the large Toronto holding company that now has \$40 million invested in various ventures across the U.S. "The Americans are delighted to have us and many know we're Canadian. But we're businessmen, not diplomats."



Much of it is quiet. Some almost silent. But it is there and growing. Canadian business is expanding its horizons and investing outside the country, particularly in the United States, at a rate faster than the statistics can measure—a surge of economic imperialism unequalled in the nation's history. Canada is now the third-largest investor in the U.S., trailing only the Netherlands (with figures swelled by giant Shell and Unilever) and Great Britain, and well ahead of both Japan and West Germany. Canada's U.S. investments, ranging from land and buildings to businesses, are worth between \$60 and \$80 billion. There is no exact reckoning: Statistics Canada, the U.S. department

of commerce and the Conference Board each produce different figures. Not only is it hard to measure the spend—last year it jumped by possibly as much as \$3 billion and will likely do almost the same again in 1990—but some of it eludes the record-keepers. The \$467-million acquisition of the Plinkette Company of Connecticut by Montreal's Genstar Ltd. earlier this year, for example, is invisible, but the millions of dollars in private real estate sales or small businesses may never officially appear.

What does emerging as a changing profile of Canadian business, a growing community no longer held back by stifling divisions of its own antiquities? "Canadian businessmen finally seem to be waking up to the fact that it is no one after another they're every bit as competent as their U.S. or European counterparts," says one of Genstar's two chief executives, Angus MacNaughton. "It's about time, too. If we ever hope to stop effect in the larger world economy."

This changing attitude shows first on the home front, where the past few years have seen major investment and expansion by Canadian businesses within Canada (not year, specifically to buy back formerly foreign-owned firms, totalled more than

\$700 million, significantly outpacing by nearly \$300 million the inflow of foreign investment buying up Canadian companies. Record Canadian corporate profits (up last year by 4.8 per cent over the year before) have put extra billions into company coffers, money then used for corporate shipping spree. Only some of this cash has been channelled into new job-creating ventures. A disproportionate amount has been spent on takeovers, the corporate cannibalism that saw \$2 billion in publicly traded shares gobbed up on the Toronto Stock Exchange alone in the first half of 1989, with little impact on the economy other than concentration of ownership.

But as Canadian companies have gained the confidence to continue this spree outside the country, the benefits do not so much accrue—in the form of dividends flowing back into the country (These payments, sent by subsidiaries back to the parent company, will help in the long run to offset Canada's current deficit. In 1978, nearly \$15 billion flowed out to head offices of foreign-owned companies operating in Canada.) In part, it's a worldwide trend. The U.S. has never been a safer investment haven—highlighted by the current reverse—allowing investors to acquire U.S. companies at depressed prices and the prospect of the economy picking up again soon. "Today is the perfect time to go shopping for companies in the U.S.," notes Michael Graham of Toronto's A. B. Asset, a brokerage house. "U.S. equities are the best bargains in the world." Adds MacNaughton, who retires this year as dean of the University of Toronto's business school: "The Canadian economy has been pretty thoroughly picked over for acquisition



Canadian developers as seen by the Dallas magazine "D" introduction of new blood



Dallas in wonderland

"S"ince I was Toronto, but the pace here is energy. It's all the exciting stage Toronto was at about 10 years ago," Michael Young is living expensive as he has lived. MacNaughton says the expensive houses and condo conversions long wooed Turtle Creek Boulevard, the fashionable new city neighborhood tucked away in the year-round green of its oaks but still within sight of the downtown development of Dallas.

Dallas—former city of Texas and capital of the U.S. southwest, the famed Sun Belt that has become the new mecca for investors from around the world. Some will

argue the real capital is Houston, the bigger Texas port 600 km due south that is to Dallas what Calgary is to Edmonton. Houston is oil, chemicals and truly extraordinary growth. Dallas—older, more conservative—banking, insurance, finance dominates. No matter, since a growing far ahead of the U.S. national average and it seems, can rightly boast economics that are nearly "boomtown proof." Both sure to sprout up late workers. Dallas is the forefront of cattle country, Houston is the pork belt of the South. River basin, their developers parking the houses. Some of the towers are owned or built by Canadians, and no one knows this better than Young, who can take at least part of the credit for their existence. The 38-year-

old expansion, as looking outside the border into the U.S. was the next logical step.

The push during the past five years has brought startling developments. After all the years of Canadian hawking over U.S. and other foreign dominance, Canadian money now has a greater stake in the U.S. economy—measured as a proportion of population and gross national product (GDP)—than Americans have in Canada. With a population and GDP more than 20 times greater than Canada, the U.S. has a direct investment portfolio over 100 times greater than the flow in the other direction. In total dollars, of course, and as a proportion of the national economy—30 per cent of the nation's manufacturing, 38 per cent of Canada's mining and 78 per cent of the country's oil and gas—foreign ownership in Canada continues to outstrip Canada's efforts abroad. But the tide may be turning.

A decade ago only a handful of large Canadian companies—Manitowoc-Peterbilt, Bechtel, Inco and Alcan, among them—dared do business outside the country, as the change, as Canada enters the '90s, is dramatic. Even a random sampling is impressive. International

former Toronto who led who went on from eventually with several bids to build Ventureline Corporation Ltd.—it is day Canada's most exciting venture capital firm—now lives in Dallas and seems a long pathing road to take together. These are deals primarily involving Canadians. The firm will train a nation and money to build, parts of the new estate include based in Montreal, Toronto, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver, all now actively involved in development projects throughout the U.S., and nowhere more than in Texas.

"It's funny but we really don't know how much Canadian investment there is in this state, though we know there's a lot," says Canadian Trade Commissioner Douglas Wakefield, who from his 16th-floor Dallas office, can almost see the skyline of the skyscraper in the glass and steel towers of an abandoned tower owned by a Canadian developer. "A lot of Canadians prefer to operate down here anonymously. It's often better for business not to advertise that you're a foreigner. It's the same in Canada, isn't it?" As far as Young is concerned, the more Canadian business in the U.S. the better. "Isn't it about time Canada was wakened? Bringing business or money down here to the States obviously shouldn't be a Canadian's supreme goal. I don't think it is. The Canadian's investment is a liquid flow, like spending water on the ground of dikes that's full of sand maintenance. I don't think that's unethical—it's just growth." A.W.

THE NEW IMPERIALISTS

tional Thomson Organisation Ltd., with headquarters in Toronto and newspaper and publishing interests throughout Canada, the U.S. and Britain, has made enough U.S. acquisitions that it now owns more newspapers than any other publishing conglomerate in North America. Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, 11th-largest life insurance company on the continent, is pushing hard into the U.S., with advertising campaigns in major U.S. media including *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*. Brascan Limited, for decades a conservatively managed utility holding company with holdings



in Brazil, last year attempted a \$1.3-billion take-over of New York's F.W. Woolworth Co. Had it succeeded, it would then have been the largest all-stock corporate take-over in U.S. history. Since then, having itself been taken over by another Canadian company, Roper Capital Limited, Brascan has spent \$75 million so far this year in small U.S. acquisitions, with more likely to follow. Dominion Bridge Company Ltd. of Montreal, the industrial equipment subsidiary of Canadian Pacific Enterprises Ltd., has been quietly buying U.S. companies, for a total of \$1.5 billion, and is now poised for another similar move in the \$400-million range.

Unchallenged leaders in the sweep south are the real estate companies. The second largest, led by Cadillac Fairview, Olympia & York Developments Ltd., New-West Group and Deer Development Corp., have office towers, condominiums, shopping centres and other projects approaching \$5 billion already in

The Canadian presence includes (clockwise from above) Royal Trust in St. Petersburg, Fla.; Classic Bookshops in New York; Brickman and his Funker Hill model; Shoppers Drug Mart in Lake Worth, Fla.; and Koffler, founder of a new gas station

place or under development in the U.S. As a group, these companies are now considered the world's largest and most diversified developers. Canadian retailers Color Books and Classic Bookshops have shops strung along the eastern seaboard as far south as Florida and are now venturing westward. Peter's Jewellers, Shoppers Drug Mart, Consumers Distributing, Saks, the Graham Group (owners of Jack Fraser and other clothing stores) are active, either opening new stores or buying existing U.S. chains.

The cablecasted Canadian cable television companies are winning lucrative licensing privileges in cities throughout the U.S. Telecommunications manufacturers, led by Montreal's

Northern Telecom Ltd., are making major inroads, with Ottawa's Miltel Corporation completing a \$65-million takeover this month. The big Five Canadian chartered banks have opened agency offices in at least a half-dozen major U.S. commercial centres and, in some cases, have bought up smaller U.S. savings and loan companies to open their tills into the vast pool of U.S. business and consumer credit and financing—as well as helping Canadian companies finance their push south of the border.

The list, in short, is long. The motives fueling the new expansionary push, as well as the methods of achieving it, are also as varied as the companies themselves and the myriad senior executives who run them. Key to almost every

move has been "testing"—having the right money and the right corporate strategy in place at the right time. Another key motivator is growth. That's often an urge felt by companies anxious to maintain the momentum necessary to challenge the ambitions of top employees or satisfy the eyes of owner-managers—as well as keeping shareholders happy. Cadillac Fairview's executive committee chairman, Erik Diamond, for example, the man who helped guide the company's spectacular forays into the U.S., says that Cadillac never considered abandoning Canada, but it reconsidered by the mid-'70s that the building boom in Canada was beginning to trail off. "We simply



couldn't foresee keeping our annual growth rate at the levels we wanted if we restricted ourselves to the Canadian market," he says. "Market conditions in the U.S. were right and we had the expertise and experience to move in."

In some cases, companies have expanded into the U.S. in order to develop the expertise and to survive. "Internationalization is a fact of life," says Roy Cottner, a vice-president of Northern Telecom, which has invested \$425 million in U.S. expansion during the past five years. "Without our U.S. operations, we'd experience double death, being overtaken not only in world markets but within Canada as well," he says, adding that Northern Telecom's U.S. operations, headquartered in Nashville, Tenn., support 2,000 related Canadian jobs which wouldn't otherwise exist.

On the other side of the coin are the companies that started out with a marketing advantage, especially in the real estate and recycling fields, and were shrewd enough to spot their chance to fill a void. Shoppers Drug Mart, for example, supplies a clean, almost sterile efficiency, a sharp contrast to most U.S.



Cadillac Fairview/
Dean Lewis in San
Francisco, Diamond;
and (far right)
MacKinnon making
it in the big league



firm of new blood during the past decade as older, more traditional owners and managers have gradually given way to a more aggressive crop of managers, many armed with crack business school training. This significant change in the complexion of Canadian business has caused the bold new approach of corporate penetration the once-stagnating seashore separating Canada from the larger world outside. "There's no demigod," says Jarosch's Atkinson, "that makes you feel good as a Canadian to know that you can go down to the States and make it."

If there's a dark side to this desire—as the more fervent Canadian nationalists believe—it's that some Canadians seem to like doing their business in the U.S. a bit too much. For instance, Gerstein and Domoski Bros., both of which have moved their centres of



flow out of Canada and into the U.S. so be closer to their future growth areas, are nevertheless criticised when selling out. The fact is some Canadian businessmen simply prefer the American way of doing business, seeing that for the U.S. climate more receptive to innovation, more deal-oriented in spite of the U.S. regulatory environment, with its thicket of rules covering everything from environmental protection to financial disclosure—operating within U.S. law, if anything, more complex than in Canada—some businessmen still view the U.S. as the last bastion of free enterprise. These are the entrepreneurs who feel more at home with the U.S. premise of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" than with Canada's sullen, if greasy, guarantee of "peace, order and good government." Says Toronto investment analyst Lord Grantham, "Well, it isn't such a Canadian's interest if all these companies moving to compete in the larger American market simply end up becoming American."

The question is, however, whether large-scale investment outside the country, including the corresponding outflow of capital, is helpful to the Ca-

THE NEW IMPERIALISTS



Coors brickworks in Appleton, Wis. (above) Telecel's Montreal headquarters. prime, order and good government



business operating in the U.S. report Americans "couldn't be more receptive," as Genstar's MacNightington says. Some, however, wonder if the smiles will fade if the U.S. recession lasts longer than predicted.

Whatever the future of Canadian investment in the U.S., Canadian businessmen today feel exuberant. And this new imperialism has provided a tremendous surge of confidence in a sometimes inebriated private business sector, as (stealthy benefit) that may induce the Canadian economy with the energy and aggression needed for its own future. ♦



Canadian economy, even ensuring the companies involved maintain their Canadian corporate citizenship. And not without a fight, such as former federal justice minister Walter Gordon, argues

E pluribus own 'em

The big deals get all the attention. But small Canadian businesses are leaving their U.S. as well. "There's just a more personal story than the high-profile projects created and refined by a battalion of New York lawyers, securities experts, take-over specialists and tax consultants—the mandatory entry drafted by large companies in their push to gain a U.S. beachhead. For the smaller firms, it's often a sole proprietor piling his money on the land, flying back and forth, negotiating the land purchase, supervising construction—all with little, if any, expert help. The common thread among the dozens of small Canadian ventures south of the border is each one is convinced that it has a product good enough to compete in the larger North American market."

• **Capitol Canada Ltd.** of Vancouver has been operating for only three years when its president and full-owner, Bob McKelvey, a 33-year-old former accountant, realized that his expertise in a specialized technology could carry it across the country. The firm's products address and perform as design patches used as back pockets for several well-known brands of blue jeans. But even with total annual sales of less than \$1 million if it has established a fully operational U.S. subsidiary plant in El Paso, Tex.,

with about 120 employees, "It was actually our customers, the jean manufacturers, who urged us to expand," explains Managing Director Norm Griffin. With the aid of the U.S. market, we probably become bigger than we are in Canada.

• **Dunk-Fort**, another Canadian with a small business to follow, is expanding about the business (candle holders) imported in the U.S. for a long time. Full-time as he builds the factories of Dunk-Fort Inc. at Houston, now the parent company of the firm he originally started in Edmonton to manufacture a specialized oil-drilling device which he invented. Sales last year

ran "as long as you're good at it."



were \$8 million, he says, and making up for "Of course, that's the oil capital of the world, which is why I'm here." Fair add, "but I find as long as you're good at what you do, the Americans are going to have you."

• **Steve Corby**, 50, president and principal shareholder of Toronto's Ray-Mac Ltd. (manufacture of industrial fixtures) takes the view that openness into the U.S. is essential for business competitive in the North American market. With anticipated 1986 sales of \$40 million, Ray-Mac opened its third U.S. plant earlier this year in Atlanta, Ga., joining its four existing plants in Canada. "We could have our head office anywhere, but we intend to remain in Canada," says Corby. "We believe in making investments that don't need a brief lesson for protection."

• **When Medical Electronic Laboratories Limited** of Montreal's Cove St. N. near Halifax achieved a technological breakthrough in solid-state ultrasonographic radio beam sensors (which also has patents) over the potential for dominating the market not only in Canada but in the U.S. as well. Since setting up a subsidiary plant in Bangor, Me. in 1970, they have achieved double growth says 35-year-old President David Clark. "Our U.S. operations have enabled us to maintain the level of research and development we need to stay alive. What we have in the U.S. is a branch plant—just like the Americans have been doing to us for years." A.W.

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Save on **Maclean's** and get this magnificent wall map of Canada at no extra cost.

Picture this giant wall map in your den, study or children's room!

• Over 3 ft. wide x 2 ft. high

• Created in full color, with special hand-toned effects

• Shows you all the provinces, towns, cities, lakes, rivers, parks etc. in clear, easy-to-read detail

• Printed on heavy quality paper, ready for mounting

Best of all, it's your Bonus Gift with a money-saving subscription to Maclean's!



YOUR BONUS GIFT

When news breaks—in St. John's, Victoria or somewhere in between—be ready for it. With your bonus map of Canada, you'll be able to pinpoint the national hot spots. And with Maclean's, you'll get the whole story—lively, in-depth coverage of all the news that matters. World as well as national news. Plus business, sports and entertainment... science, travel, people and much more. All brought to you from a uniquely Canadian perspective.

Act now to get Canada's only weekly newsmagazine (plus a valuable bonus at no extra cost) while specially-reduced rates are still in effect.

Now get **2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE!**

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's
BONUS GIFT & SAVINGS COUPON

Box 1800, Forest Hill Station, Toronto
Ontario M5W 2B4

☐ Send my latest Map of Canada plus 32 issues of Maclean's for only \$11.95. (I'll bill later.)

SAVE EVEN MORE!
☐ Send my bonus Map of Canada plus 32 issues of Maclean's for only \$19.90. (I'll bill later.)

GET 2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE!

☐ I enclose \$21.95. Send my bonus map of Canada plus 34 issues of Maclean's.

GET 2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE!
☐ I enclose \$19.95. Send my bonus map of Canada plus 34 issues of Maclean's.

First Name

Last Name

Address

Apartment

City

Postal Code

Province

Phone

PR 01



When self-made millionaire and super-trucker **Tyrene Malone** was a 15-year-old high-school dropout, he hauled across California's cotton fields on a mechanical picker (dreaming of smoking guns and three-wheel coupes). Thirty-five years later the man who "didn't want to end up on a tractor at 60" is touring Canada from a "top-car" Corvette with his \$1-million fleet of racing diesel Kenworths. Featured in the "Super Stars"—a 30,000-ponied monster that "bars them out of the tub" by turning 100 mph in a 1/34-second quarter-mile and 164.42 mph top end. The trucking guru has made Malone the P. V. Barnes of six-wheel drive. He started in the truck business in 1964 and used his first Kenworth to haul tires (avg. a 30-ton, 11-miler from whole which he will charge 75 cents to see). Obviously, Malone has done fuel in his veins and hauled on of the public shows in his back business. "I've known restaurateurs who never made a quarter," he says. "Spent in getting what you're not a showman."



The look-alike syndrome has not, however, begged Laurence down. This fall she will be seen in a children's TV special and after that she wouldn't mind crying her hands and feet out in a musical extravaganza in the *Garman Miranda* tradition. "I just don't know if I could dance with all the business on my head."

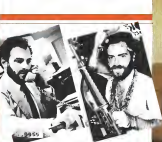
"I lived off day-old doughnuts for a long time," says 25-year-old **Sharon Lawrence**, who broke into show business via the Miss Teen Canada pageant (first runner-up, since 1973) and sang with Wings for a while. Today, Lawrence has more healthy eating habits and also works regularly as the host of *CP's Circus*. "I'm just real gey," says Lawrence, who resembles her little sister **Forrestal** and, same age, **Hugh Hefner's** first wife **Barbara** Baskin.

The *Manes* don't have to worry about "two names" again and, since they are planning to tour with *The Cars*, transportation is no problem. As any of the other four members of the L.A.-based band happily acknowledge, success has had more than a little to do with salary. **Martha Davis**, lead singer/songwriter: "You can call us metal cabaret," says guitarist **The McGovern**. "We're the metal and she's the show girl." "Without the legs," quickly adds Davis, who prefers long



skirts to short ones and who, despite the construction of playing guitar, likes to wear dresses. "The kind I'm really going for are those out-of-the-dress that you can wear slacks under, just like they used to on *I Love Lucy*." Davis accepts the labeling of "chick singer" with good-humored industry, which may have something to do with the fact that, like a new wave **Loisette Lyle**, at 39 she has two daughters, aged 12 and 14. "They're our worst critics," says keyboard player **Marty Jensen**. "They don't cut no slack."

Thirty-two years ago a group of raging leftovers from the free-speech movement invaded the solitude of the New York Stock Exchange visitors' gallery and shivered the trading floor with dollar bills. "So what," screamed the money establishment, which promptly installed bulletproof glass to protect traders from falling objects. One of the raging group was **Jimmy Brown**, a street-theater guerrilla, a self-confessed Yipie (yippee in yippee for fun) and a stand-up subversive who disrupted the 1968 Democratic convention as one of the Chicago Seven. Last week, Robin, 42, stalled the corridors of Wall Street once again, but her dollar bills were firmly extruded in his pocket. "Money is power," he announced as he joined the John Muir and Company investment firm as a research analyst. Robin says his goal is to become a "creative treasurer." Now a psychodrama ruler in a two-piece suit, Robin still manages to cast a balletic eye overed



politics. "John Anderson's going to win. Ronald Reagan is too old and Jimmy Carter's the worst president since Calvin Coolidge."

The bloodlines of the Kennedy clan may be as blue as the Boston bay but their table manners are strictly backwater, and that has once-and-future Democratic presidential candidate **The Kennedy's** campaign strategists worried. It seems the candidate never lies on a current *Cuisinart* when he eats. This explains the reason why the words "Pat Lawford's chicken sandwiches" produce gales of laughter from campaign workers. In an effort to squelch the problem, campaign workers have developed a game plan they call "bitch the food." It became official after an incident, known internally as the "Day of the Lobsters," featured the candidate consuming four huge lobster sandwiches without so much as a "pass the ketchup." Such lobster sessions can lead to larger problems as well. "We have to help him with that wasteline," confided a campaign worker. "He gets fat so easily."

Highway drivers are nervous, state troopers are baffled and the man they call the **Vanishing Hitchhiker** still has not materialized. In three separate incidents since June, drivers near Little Rock, Ark., have picked up "a well-dressed man in his early 30's" changing on an interstate highway. He turns the in-car conversation to religion, weather and the delirious mobility of the world, then disappears in transit. Poof! "We've never experienced anything like this," says state trooper **Danetta Cefas**. Midway through the U.S. heat wave the *Hitch-hiker* gruffly announced to one so-called chauffeur, "It will never rain again," then vanished into thin air. With as low against hitch-hiking, the



police could be at a loss if they do catch him. "We can't for one hour figure out if there is any hazard involved," says **Coffman**. But there's no panic in Little Rock. After all, it rained last week.

Old Italian baroque stars don't fade away—they make pasta. Then, if they are particularly wise and have learned an exceptionally good pasta-sauce—they write a book of recipes. So the headliner's chef goes to Rome to Cook Pasta by Tony Award-winning actor **Robert Alda** (a "senior" at 66) and his Roman-born wife, **Fiona**. The 148-page ode to carbohydrates is presented theatrically in two prologues and six acts which range in dramatic depth from "The Mosaic Scene" through "Baked and/or Stuffed." As in most partnering books there were the usual share of editorial disagreements. **Fiona** says, "Robert made me crazy. He kept asking me how many eggs of this, how many spoons of that? How do



Robin saw and then (above left), the Aldas (below left), Kennedy (left), campaign workers by hitching food from a 15-footing candidate.

I know? I don't measure, I throw!" Though he is still devoted to both *Fiona* and pasta, Alda recently returned to his baroque roots in a top-fabled banana in the touring Broadway show *Burlesque U.S.A.* On a play-date last week in Toronto, he caught up with a gang of former gap-masters with whom he worked in the late '50s on the stage of the *Casino* and *Shen's They are Chosen* food. But next October the Aldas return to Toronto for the opening of an Italian home for the aged—and that's no pasta.

Interviews were varied. When **Peter Onorato** hits the extreme actions parade with a new book, *The Sacramento*, there are some questions that will not be tolerated. *Sacramento* is the true story of **Brant Davis**, 12, and **Dennis Johnson**, 13, of Denver, Colo., who survived a 18-day ordeal following a 1979 plane crash on an Idaho mountain. One of the ways they survived was by eating the flesh of the third person on the plane, **John's** father. "I didn't want to write a 'gory' book," says **Onorato**, who doesn't even the prospect of answering grimy questions. Instead, the journalist-turned-TV-host-turned-author would prefer to discuss "the religious process" that he believes gave the survivors the will to live. "Essentially, they believe that God took them off the mountain," explains **Onorato**, who discovered during his interview that "a little bird" guided the pair to safety. "A fiction writer wouldn't have been able to get that in a book."

Edited by **Martha Boutin**



Sports

The tarnished bowl

By Keith Charles

As the Olympic flame died away on Sunday in its golden bowl high above Lenin Stadium, the Moscow Olympics, the most politically controversial since the Berlin Games of 1936, ended. Politics aside, both Berlin and Moscow managed to produce some splendid sporting moments. In Berlin, Jesse Owens, in Moscow, British runner Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett. Soviet wonder-swimmer Vladimir Salnikov, superb middle-distance runner Miruts Yifter from Ethiopia and East German swimmers and rowers. But both Games were haunted by questions arising from essentially for political ends. Both were nagged at every turn by talk of boycott. And as in Berlin, so in Moscow; a totalitarian state organized the details officially—but missed the spontaneity, the feeling of an Olympics. "I've been to eight summer Games and five winter ones," says former British steeplechase gold medalist Chris Brasher, now correspondent for the *London Observer*. "The Russians did a good job on organization. But there's no spirit!" Brasher, an hefty a man who needs Roger Bannister to the first sub-four-minute mile in 1954, has jogged at every Olympics so far. Here, on the Lenin Hills, he suddenly found a hairy policeman stopping a full-season wrestler holding him. The next day, armed with a letter signed by a senior Soviet Games official authorizing him to jog from the Olympic Village to his hotel, he was stopped by two captains and a major. Half an hour later he was still arguing that neither his T-shirt nor his shorts contained bombs. Tourists never got the

chance to mix with Soviets, and the one million Soviet visitors who pass through Moscow daily were kept away. Party lecturers warned Muscovites repeatedly not to accept gifts. Cheering guests, they said, could poison them. Police and soldiers were everywhere, travelling in convoys of 25 to 97 vehicles.

Politics inevitably invaded sports. The boycott was felt most in such events as the men's sprint and hurdles and in the relay races. But a swath through equestrian events, shortening the program and lowering the standard. Boating was left to the Cubans and the Soviet Basketball went to the Yugoslavs, who were second to the Americans in Montreal. Women's field hockey went to an all-white team from Zimbabwe in less than world-class competition (it was hastily announced that black women would be on the team soon). India snatched the men's field hockey for the first time in 16 years. No wonder all three medals in Montreal bogged in.

Numbness, there were Olympic records and rivalries. East German women overwhelmed the swimming events, headed by 15-year-old schoolgirl Bär Bärtsch in the backstroke and East Berlin police Sergeant Barbara Krause in the freestyle. Salnikov became a legend by breaking "the magic" 15 minutes for the 1,500-metre freestyle. Britain's Ovett and Coe staged two head-to-head battles, Ovett easily winning the 800 metres while Coe managed himself in the 1,500 metres. Poland's Władysław Kozłowski smashed the world record for the pole vault with 5.78 metres.

The usual controversies surfaced, with allegations of cheating and poor judging. The International Amateur



Coe winning 1500 metres (top left); Kozłowski rejecting offer record pole vault (top right); Zimbabwe's women's hockey team: no bombs in T-shirt or shorts

Athletic Federation (IAAF) withdrew its own appeals jury from the first track and field events at Soviet request. But then Finnish television began broadcasting slow-motion film of the last qualifying javelin throw of the Soviet who later took the gold. The film shows a Soviet judge measuring the throw from well beyond where the javelin fell. As well, doors were opened in Lenin Stadium and a gust of wind blew where the Soviet athletes threw, creating ideal conditions for lift. The IAAF ceased it all, put its red jackets back on the field—and conceded it had ordered from the stadium a Soviet athlete caught giving signals about the wind to a Soviet pole-vaulter.

Even though the Games are over, political wrangling continues. Soviet officials are said to be working within the IOC to prevent the 1994 Games going to Los Angeles. Much as they deny the boycott worked, they remain extremely angry about it. Following not president Juan Antonio Samaranch of Spain has his future work cut out for him, even if the IOC did avert a clash with Washington by belatedly agreeing to fly a Los Angeles city flag at closing ceremonies instead of America's "Old Glory." ☐

JOHN DOLAN

GIVES YOU A LIFT.



Weekdays at 3:00 just as Toronto traffic thickens, John Dolan slips behind the CFRB microphone to make driving home a little more informative, a little more relaxing and a lot more fun. News and comments from Bob Hewitt, news from Bill McLean, weather from Ray Goddard, computer traffic, race results, sports, financial comment and Henry Shumway's on-air traffic reports are punctuated with a little travelling music, and John's very observant on the passing scene in a radio script designed to get you going and keep you cooking.

3:00-6:30 P.M. MONDAY-FRIDAY

CFRB 1010
THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

Music

For the record

WARM LETHBRIDGE
CHINA 30000
3000000000

One checks in on this cultural artifact from the late '70s to see how the band's rather sizable studio holds out. It doesn't. Marianne Faithfull, who really can't sing any better, had the taste to go for honesty, but one feels disinclined to believe a word that "I-Said-A-Word"



Justo starts. The hard rocks crumble completely on The Pretenders' *Personal Life*, and even Bryan Ferry's *Love Is the Drug* doesn't enable her to transcend the age of tropical, synthetic, trying-hard-out-to-be-china dance. A brand-out Buddha wearing horse shoulders by designer Jose Miyake, Jones is more interesting to look at than to listen to, and then she defines what it is to become the dupe of fashion.

FREEDOM OF CHOICE
DEMO
(Warner Bros./WEA)

For the benefit of those imaginative enough ever to have doubted it, Devo gloriously declares its hesitating. On this third and least frenetic album (the musically jerky rhythms are downplayed and the tattoo of drum invigoration almost every cut), the boys even



go on dates. Less busy than before, the lyrics remain bright, funny and straightforward. Their sense of morality seems clearer than ever. "I've heard it said that all is fair in love and war/So what's life for?" The CD selections are all compact achievements, and to think that when critics at Toronto's Constant Place banned rock concerts at the outdoor Forum earlier this season, this act was one of the first to be cancelled is enough to make one spit! *Freedom of Choice*—applaud, applause.

PAULUS
Paget
(J&M)

This second of the A&M Debut Series ("Your songs lay exciting new talent on a 12-inch disc at a suggested list price of \$3.99") serves as a charming introduction to the work of this four-man band from Vancouver. China Beyo has a steady bass line and bursts of erratic vocal keyboards that make it danceable and probably explain why it was an underground hit on the coast last summer. Rose is the plight of a postscript done to a sturdy reggae beat, while the other two roles are one-age wasted runners. All in all, there's enough here to make you want more.

David Livingstone

"I didn't believe it— A super French white at that price?"

"When I first tried ST JOVIAN 'BLANC DE BLANC' I didn't believe it... ST JOVIAN was not an ordinary 'vin de table'—but a vintage appellation

white, not with a screwcap, but an expensive cork!"

Kenneth Chase
Mark Anthony Wine Merchants Ltd.,
Toronto



Mr. Kenneth Chase of our Toronto offices gives ST JOVIAN a rave review. We are certain that you will too.

We went into the heart of the Bordeaux white wine district in search of a special white wine. What we found was ST JOVIAN 'BLANC DE BLANC', the super vintage appellation white we describe as—refreshingly dry, irresistibly smooth.

Selected by
Selections par
Mark Anthony
Wine Merchants Ltd.



St. Jovian—a special French white you can afford...



Imagine Club Med's fun and warm sand... imagine Club Med's pools and relaxing atmosphere and laughter... imagine eating and drinking like it's the most exciting holiday you'll ever spend. Ask your travel agent to show you further details about Club Med and take advantage of all the fun in the new season here.

club med the good life!

Tom & Debra

PS Next time, come with us

Canada

To the readers of
Maclean's Magazine
Toronto, Ontario.

Send my name to be entered for the 1980 Summer Vacation Package.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

Province _____

Mail to: Club Med Ltd. 160 Bloor Street W. Toronto, Ontario M5G 1B5

RESPONSE _____

913

Club Med



The politics of prostitution—devaluing the sexual mystery

By Barbara Amiel

Last week I saw a prostitute. I mention this because she was on the street and I hadn't seen one so obviously at least once for a long time. My work as a journalist involves spending a fair amount of time in various Canadian cities in those areas referred to as "the red-light district." My work, which also makes me a sight-seeer and not, after enough, in Toronto, Montreal or Vancouver, I am strolling around the streets in the early a.m.

The prostitute I saw was clearly identifiable by her walk, a flexibility of hip and torso that can be achieved only, it seems, by whores or undercover policemen. I'm not suggesting that spotting a prostitute in a Canadian city is as difficult as finding a whooping crane, but, generally speaking, sex has to go to their habitats. Recently a group of Toronto's criminal lawyers (who often exhibit a keen interest in seeing the working conditions of their potential clients) went on an entire evening in Vancouver trying to find hookers. They eventually gave up and went for hookers' bars instead.

All this comes to mind because of the ramblings of my Minister of Justice Jean Chrétien as he speaks recently on how to deal with the "problem" of prostitutes making life undesirable for "honest citizens" and "the many pure women" strutting about our cities. According to M. Chrétien, the situation is getting out of hand. The act of prostitution itself is a crime, only solicitation is illegal. But the courts say that solicitation has to be "pressing." That's making it too hard to prosecute the legions of prostitutes and their clients harassing all those pure women and pure men on our streets. We have to extend the courts' definition of solicitation, says Chrétien. It's all a terrible headache because recently he discovered there are male prostitutes as well as female ones. This was a "new complication" for the Liberal party of Canada, which appar-

ently had no idea such things go on. M. Chrétien's ramblings led me to none of my own. It seemed perfectly clear that the public harassment of pure citizens of either sex was not the problem at all. If this were the real concern, it could be solved, along with the public-health problems, by the simple expedient of doing what highly civilized cities have. Amsterdam to Hamburg have these designated certain areas as red-light districts to be licensed and in-



the same way? Especially when, unlike abortion, it does not even involve harm to another being. The virtual silence of the women's movement over the right of their sisters to sell any part of their anatomy has confirmed my feeling that the reason society has always been against prostitution is an economic one: we don't like dumping. Dumping the merchandise to bed gives time immemorial the sexual act has provided many women (and some men) with a lifetime of support. But when there are women around, often younger, prettier, even sexier, who offer the great sexual mystery for a straight per occasion fee of \$50, this service is being devalued.

To crack down on prostitution in societies where sex and marriage are held in religious awe is at least ideologically consistent. But in our hedonistic and secular Canada, where the educational system, social agencies and even churches do little but promote "honest" sexuality, this crusade against prostitution is a philosophical non sequitur.

Still, I confess to a strong bias against prostitution myself. Of course, I have a similar bias against a lot of people who make their living out of sex. I regard as similarly contemptible—such as censors and regulatory agency types. What intrigues me is why I find prostitution contemptible.

It is, I suppose, because I do believe we are a pair-bonding species with a considerable capacity and desire for love. This alone, I think, is the legitimate aspect of society's disdain for prostitution. Participating in the sexual act without personal affection—or at least mutual lust—is sick and unnatural, it is a form of necrophilia. But if we legitimate much more dangerous or degrading forms of sickness—like the proposed decriminalization of being stoned on marijuana or, presumably, necrophilia itself by putting "sexual orientation" under the Human Rights Code—then to outlaw prostitution is ludicrous. Worse, it is a vulgar kind of moral hypocrisy.

A nursing shortage in need of intensive care



By Ian Pearson

Most of all, Cherry loved nursing itself. Her dream was the dream of being a nurse, of helping people on a personal scale in the most important way there is. —Cherry Ames, Senior Nurse

Cherry Ames's dedication is still alive in the nurses of 1980. However, the dreams of modern nurses go far beyond the nurse-novel stereotypes of angry paranoiacs, galaxy of red-heads and hairbrushes for doctors named Lew. Today, Cherry would likely be caught up in in-tech training and collective bargaining. But the usage of the bubble headband continues to cling to nursing like a most bandage—a constant irritant in an oil-stiff "woman's" profession that is having difficulty attracting new blood to fill the old white uniforms and trying not so successfully to hold on to the bodies it already has.

Nurse shortages that go beyond unusual fluctuations are being felt in all provinces except Prince Edward Island, reports the Canadian Nurses As-

ociation. Even with the highest wages for registered nurses in Canada, British Columbia (where an RN's starting salary is \$13,681 has more than 500 vacancies in hospitals across the province. Vancouver's largest hospital, Vancouver General, needs 121 nurses and about 200 beds are empty, waiting for attendants.

Alberta's neediness is even more urgent: more than 700 nurses are sought last year at the same time there were 296 vacancies. And Grande Prairie General Hospital is recruiting in England and

New Zealand, offering to pay air fare to Canada. With building programs underway throughout the country to increase the number of hospital beds, nurses are wondering how the demand can be filled. The traditional supplier, Ontario, now faces the same shortages. The Ontario Hospital Association says that well over 500 nurses are needed in Metropolitan Toronto alone.

The most obvious explanation to these cases of missing nurses lies in the variety of careers that have opened up to women in the past decade. (And nursing is still a woman's profession: only 1.97 per cent of Canadian nurses are male.) No longer is an 18-year-old woman's career choice limited to the trade of nurse-instructor-secretary. Cherry Ames now becomes Rex Boggan, aka Perry Mason or Barbara Walters if she so desires. In comparison, nursing can seem low status and out of fashion.

But while nursing schools may not have the luxury of abating from as many applicants as before, they have



little problem maintaining enrolment levels. The shortage arises from a combination of factors: an attrition rate of 25 to 30 per cent in the schools, resulting in a larger number of nurses reaching registration every year (new registrations in Ontario dropped from 4,112 in 1975 to 2,510 in 1979). It was the profession because of family obligations or more appealing careers (17,449 of Ontario's 94,467 nurses in 1979 were inactive), and the contempt of nurses that heads for the greater pleasures of American nurses.

Nurses are beginning to speak out more, but one problem in convincing people that they're serious. "At one point nursing was a women's room. It's a profession," explains Muriel Power, executive director of the Registered

Nurses' Association of Ontario. "One of the things I've heard is that nurses are choosing out employment contracts in institutions before they apply. If a health agency is backward, then nurses are choosing not to work there. It's the sign of an increased awareness about one's ability to make a choice, one's rights and one's satisfaction."

The rights include the right to strike in all provinces except Ontario and P.R.I. Last April, Alberta nurses displayed a million-hour strike which made Florence Nightingale March Three days into a strike, the provincial government ordered them back to work. The nurses challenged the legislation and ended up with a 37.5-per-cent wage increase over two years. Obviously, nurses have grown beyond the stage of merely answering the call of duty.

And there's little compulsion among nurses about leaving home. Far from a devastating shortage of 100,000 nurses, the United States is facing a chronic glut of 225,000 RNs. A recruiting drive under way in Toronto by two California hospitals offers the carrot of \$10,000 and free airfare for Canadian nurses willing to sign up for two-year stints. Although the pay is roughly the same as in Ontario, fringe benefits include two months' free rent in furnished apartments, free air fare to California and two months' free cab fare to and from work. But the main selling point is the free continuing education programs, which are considered far superior to anything offered in Canada. "I'd say one out of five nurses who signed up was interested in the travel and the climate," says Anne Strumberg of the California recruiting agency Paliers of Men. "Most wanted the specialization we offer as they could return to Canada in two years and get a better job."

San Bush spent two years in Texas after graduating from a Toronto nursing school. After a brief return to Ontario, she has decided to seek in the San Bush north, his new to California. "In Texas, it was a little target degree by working part-time over two years," says Bush, 32. "In Ontario, you can't get a degree without putting in a year full-time and losing your salary." As well, in Texas he was promoted immediately to staff nurse. In Ontario, it would have taken five or six years to reach the same level. In Ontario, Toronto nurse Gabrielle Cox, who was tempted to make the jump to California but decided for personal reasons to stay in Ontario, who also discussed with the opportunity for advancement through education. "As staff workers, we work evenings or nights. Yet there are no day courses available."

Hospital administrators are sympathetic to the nurses' appeal and are willing to pay money to induce training programs as possible. "But we just don't have as many funds as we'd like," says the di-

rector of personnel at Toronto's St. Michael's for Sick Children, Fred Berg, who is trying to recruit 65 bilingual nurses. Of course, American private hospitals solve the money problem by passing the increased training expense along to the patients.

Even if provincial treasuries opened the floodgates and pumped more money into provincial health care—creating easier access to specialized nursing

care—nurses are being capable of doing independently in areas of primary health care and that nurses with proper training be allowed to perform certain medical acts that now are often performed only by physicians. If nurses ever reach that degree of independence, they could probably kiss off the stigma of Cherry Ames forever.

But until then, nurses have to remember every last ounce of dedication to



Carmack (left) Powers, "turning used to be a nurse, now it's a profession."

counties—nurses would still have to assert their independence as a profession in order to remain competitive in the current marketplace. At least they would have to transcend their growing spirit of independence to provincial recruits. A new role model is the nurse-practitioner, a nurse who works independent of a physician, addressing patients on health problems. Shirley Wheatley, who set up the first independent nurse-practitioner location in Toronto last year, believes about a complete rather than fringe on the physician's responsibilities. "The nurse's orientation is generally in identifying those things in people's lives which are keeping them healthy, as opposed to identifying and curing illness, which is a physician's role," says Wheatley. "There are many areas of health where nurses could very easily do primary care or health assessment, such as well-woman care, well-baby care, pediatric and obstetrical care."

This increased autonomy requires higher education. At present, night universities in Canada offer a master's program in nursing, but none offers a doctorate. Wheatley points out that only five per cent of nurses have even a bachelor's degree. Yet advanced study programs would be mutual if second-handness forwarded by the Canadian Nurses Association to American Nurses' Health Services Review are given any heed. The association is asking that provincial health insurance programs

cope with the pressures caused by staff and money shortages. "I think nursing is very important on its own," says Mary Ann Carmack, executive director of IC's Registered Nurses' Association. "What detracts from nursing is having insufficient time and sufficient staff to practice at the standard you would like."

Cottoning on to a pill for men

Canada's poor have always regarded children as wealth. Then, when thousands of couples in rural areas discovered that they could produce no offspring, they felt cursed by some malevolent spirit. Within a few years, however, their personal tragedy could result in relief for millions around the world and create a revolution in male-female relationships. Desires to do more work isolated the cause of so many personal sterility—the consumption of raw oestrogenic oil—and with this knowledge a male contraceptive pill has been developed. Since China filed the veil of secrecy as gonorrhea a few years ago, the containment of research has quickened and it is now being studied in Austria, India and the United States. "Gonorrhea could be on the market within three or four years," Dr. Mervyn Kells of Punjab University in Chandigarh predicted at a recent international conference on fertility in Madrid. "We have already discovered that the drug acts by interfering with

certain enzymes of the sperm and testes. So far, we have observed no harmful effects."

Chinese tests on about 10,000 volunteers have a reported 98-per-cent success rate and gonorrhea is claimed to be cheaper, safer and more effective than other contraceptive methods for men. The effects of gonorrhea, which is the yellow pigment of the oestrogen (usually a waste product), have been known since 1950 when Dr. Liu Xia Shu noted in a Shanghai paper the high incidence of infertility in areas where people consumed raw oestrogen oil. Experiments which started on humans in 1972 have shown that orally daily and then bi-weekly dosages of the drug made it 98-per-cent effective and that some of the cases in the two per cent of failures were due to negligence in taking the pill regularly. But leading researcher Dr. Liu Guo-shan acknowledges that gonorrhea produced side effects in one-third of the volunteers, 14 per cent complaining of transient fatigue, five per cent of decreased appetite and 11 per cent of



Liu: "It's time men took responsibility."

reduced libido. It also appears to lower the body's potassium level, a condition that Liu believes can be corrected by taking potassium salt orally. More seriously, about 39 per cent of the volunteers showed signs of irreversible infertility, though it is expected that further research will find ways to reduce the percentage. As a safeguard, Liu says the pill should not be taken without a break for more than two years.

Liu foresees some difficulties in persuading men to take the pill, particularly in China where women traditionally make decisions for the husband. "But," he adds, "it is time men took more responsibility and shared the burden with their wives." A mild-mannered father of two, Liu expressed patience when asked if China's first contraceptive are supplied to married women only. "Naturally," he answered. "Why would unmarried women need pills?" David Baird



THE INTELLIGENT WAY TO SEE BRITAIN

BritRail, in conjunction with the British car rental organization, Godfrey Davis, offers you Rail Drive packages, combining the enjoyment of train travel and the freedom of driving a car, the best complement to your BritRail Pass. You can see as much of Britain as you like, particularly those inaccessible areas where no trains do not go. Let BritRail whisk you to the area of your choice at speeds of up to 125 mph, then put you in the driver's seat of a Godfrey Davis car. Start driving from any one of more than 70 Inter-City main line stations or 150 city locations where Godfrey Davis has rental offices.

It's as simple as renting a car at an airport.

Car rentals allied to a BritRail Pass give you all the independence you could seek. There come in various sizes, some with automatic shift, which is not always the norm in Europe.

Your BritRail Pass provides unlimited train travel, for your chosen number of days. A special voucher allows you to make the same number of car rental transactions—one a day if you wish—within the SAME PERIOD OF TIME.

You pay for gas, personal accident insurance, collision damage waiver and local tax each time you rent a car.

Rail-Drive Prices—1980

	7 days	14 days	21 days
Group A: Ford Escort	Cen\$131	Cen\$219	Cen\$299
Group B: Morris Marina	Cen\$137	Cen\$230	Cen\$314
Group C: Ford Capri	Cen\$141	Cen\$236	Cen\$327
Group D: Ford Corina	Cen\$159	Cen\$274	Cen\$379
Group E: Ford Corina 2000	Cen\$179	Cen\$314	Cen\$449

First Class BritRail Pass Supplement per person

Cen\$ 35 Cen\$ 44 Cen\$ 55

The rates quoted are per person for two in a car, inclusive of a BritRail Pass for each person, valid for Economy Class rail travel. Additional passengers and children aged 5 through 13, pay merely the regular advertised prices for a BritRail pass.

For a fully illustrated brochure with complete details on Rail-Drive, see your Travel Agent or fill in and mail this coupon below.

BRITRAIL TRAVEL INTERNATIONAL (DEPT. MC)

55 Ogden Ave. East
Toronto, Ont.
M6P 1G8

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____ Code _____

Getting together for beer and destruction



By Suzanne Zeuran

Pillow, with characteristic understatement, call it the Big Party phenomenon. In Calgary, it took police equipped with riot sticks, aided by club-wielding neighbors, to vanquish 200-odd partysquads at a suburban bash. In Edmonton, firefighters had to take refuge behind the Plexiglas windows of their pumper truck after they were attacked by beer-bottle-throwing teens at a "bush party." In Lethbridge, police battled for six hours and arrested 122 before they got made of partysquads cleared out of a riverbank area kids call "the pits." And in British Columbia, where the party scene is similar, Kelowna RCMP have been pelted with rocks, beer bottles and flying kitchen chairs. North Vancouver cops have answered a house call to find \$80,000 worth of damage and Delta police have taken in a dog toin to end a party.

While a noisy party complaint once meant 30 people and a blaring stereo, Canada's wilderness provinces have more recently given birth to their own peacocking version of Saturday night fever. Most weekends, hundreds of fall-down drunks, plugged into a grapevine that always knows where the party is, crash suburban houses or thump outdoor recreational areas in scores that would make the movie *Dumb House* seem tame as a tizzy. Neighbors and property owners, faced with trampled lawns and gardens, ripped-down fences and strangers urinating and vomiting on their steps, find police lines with tasers. The cops make a shattering neighborhood peace and giving cops and police officials hanger-on.



headaches as they attempt to defuse the passing blowouts.

Of course, crowd-gathering specialties such as rock concerts and Grey Cup festivities have always earned with them the potential for madness—Vancouver's annual Sea Festival recently exploded, leaving several injured. But the parties plaguing Alberta and B.C. this summer happen more spontaneously. While participants can be as young as 14 or almost middle-aged, the vast majority of partysquads are 18 to 24, and they are brewing on beer, not hard liquor or drugs. Mostly they just get drunk and disorderly.

The distinguishing feature of the parties, says Calgary Crown prosecutor Tudor Beattie, is the defiance with which partysquads greet any attempt to end their fun. "I remember in college having the police come once or twice to tell us to keep it down. We did it," Beattie, head of a three-man unit that has been handed the task of handling all the prosecutions coming out of the Big Party scene in Calgary, has culled more than 100 charges through court since last fall and has seen fines soar from \$25 to \$250 and even \$400. But despite the police crackdowns, the parties go on. Calgary police average 90 calls on weekends. Last month, a neighborhood black party erupted into a bot-

tomized Calgary house, setting down drunks, pelted rocks, tying chairs

to-their-own space for 700. Street cleaners had to be called out in the middle of the night to shovel away the mountains of glass and debris.

Calgary civic officials have moved to restrict permits for black parties. Lethbridge is now discussing setting aside party areas that can be controlled and patrolled. Edmonton stopped all police patrols of riverbank areas after a series of spring blowouts, including one in which 200 kids twice sent a Toyota sailing over a 45-metre precipice. (The car, belonging to a celebrant's father, survived the first landing; the second time it bounced and strangled swiftness.) In Delta, the increased policing, or maybe the wet weather, has had an effect—there have been fewer wild bashes this summer. "But it runs in cycles," says Deputy Chief George Aragon. "When you have one incident, you get several. Other young people have to live up to the reputation."

Police around Vancouver, where the city proper doesn't have a Big Party problem, feel that the parties are an outgrowth of affluent life in bedroom suburbs like North Vancouver, which faces wild parties of up to 200 people every weekend. "They're too much time

and too much money," says Cpl. Michael Culma. Lethbridge's Sgt. Terry Wootton blames downtown support for any law. "We've let things go too far. Parents, schools, society—we've all given kids too much liberty. There's a lack of discipline we've never seen before." Others say the lowering of the drinking age in Alberta from 21 to 18 means that kids start drinking earlier and can't handle the booze.

In the view of Charles Costello, a psychologist at the University of Calgary, "good, healthy snacks" would be more to deal with than the "bitch thing," that turns partysquads into savages. He sees the Big Party phenomenon as the reverse side of the Flower Power movement of the '60s. But whereas '60s youngsters decided to withdraw from a world they didn't want to or couldn't face, the '90s youngsters are seeking



Costello: "These kids can't get a hold on life so they call out, they destroy."

the world around them. "The usual explanation is that Alberta, with its affluence for some but not all, frustrates young people who come here looking for wealth and don't find it." That explains some of the partysquads. The others, Costello says, are the children of the affluent who are uncertain about their own future. "Teen-age years are tumultuous anyway. But when the adults around you are very well off, it's an added stress. On one hand, what they have is very tempting; on the other, it is fraught with danger. It's similar to the attitudes of blacks in the U.S., except we're dealing with the other end of the socioeconomic spectrum. These kids are frustrated because they can't get a hold on life so they act out, they destroy."

Costello agrees this, too, will pass when the young grow up and find their own place in society. In the meantime, the former flower children, settled down now in suburbia, lie awake in the night hearing the crash of glass and hearing for their doorbells. As Costello says, the '90s movement was a lot more attractive to the adults who witnessed it than the Big Party phenomenon is to the people whose homes get trashed. ☐



Citation...vested suits with a real flair for success. At the men's store

For the man on his way to the top...Citation vested suits at Sears. Impeccable tailoring in wool or polyester-wool blends, yours in jeans, plums, checks, stripes and country looks that will never go out of fashion. Only \$150 and \$175 at Sears.

Come in today and see our wide selection of fine dress clothing for men, now at the men's store in all Sears Retail Stores.



Sears

Simpsons-Sears Limited

If the suit fits, share it



By Betty Peck

Just over four years ago a Montreal physician named Jeffrey Dussan went into small claims court and successfully won the Ford Motor Company of Canada for \$285, the cost of replacing the fender that had begun to rust away from the rest of his 1972 Cougar. All in all, it was a very satisfactory conclusion, and one very much in keeping with the one-on-one way Canadians have traditionally dealt with such matters. In fact, the case probably wouldn't have merited any attention at all, let alone the headlines it received, had it not been for another court action against Ford at the same time in Ontario, where some 250,000 people were suing Ford for the same reason.

Well, not really 250,000 people. But potentially this was a "class action," brought by five men who, like Dussan, figured it was just plain wrong that their fairly new cars (model years 1971 through 1975) should rust away as quickly as they did. Ultimately the case was settled out of court, with some 80,000 people—all of whom qualified and chose to do so—sharing in the collective victory and receiving, significantly, about the same amount each as Dussan, a \$300 certificate toward a new car or a voucher for up to \$300 in bodywork. But even more important, the "rusty Ford case" helped to establish that the class-action suit, a fixture in U.S. law since the mid-'60s, had a viable place in the Canadian judicial system.

The watershed of the Ford case and



the handful of others that have gone to completion in the past few years hasn't reached food level yet (and it may not, but this fall a number of courts, including the Supreme Court of Canada, will be dealing with class-action suits at various stages. And on the legislative front, Ottawa and a number of provinces are studying ways to define more properly and extensively this still largely unfamiliar method of seeking redress. While all provinces have provisions for class action in their rules of court, only Quebec has gone beyond simple definitions, and left no one there has been no irresistible impulse to do so. However, "Old rules are no longer adequate to bring about remedies for mass injuries," says Patricia Richardson, who is counsel for the Ontario Law Reform Commission. "In a complex society such as ours, with concentrated eco-

nomic power and mass merchandising and advertising, it is inevitable that the actions of wrongdoers will affect many persons."

If it all seems pretty straightforward, rest assured that it is not. Consider, for example, the matter of Helen Naken of Toronto, one of those unfortunate enough to have purchased the now-defunct Firestar automobile from General Motors in the early '70s. Naken, on behalf of herself and 4,900 Firestar owners in Ontario, sued GM in 1973, seeking \$1,000 per owner. Her case—or their case—is one of those coming before the Supreme Court of Canada this fall, but not, as one might expect, for final disposition. No, what the court must rule on is whether Naken's case is a legitimate class action, which GM, to no one's great surprise, disputes. So if she gets permission to sue, and if the actual suit goes through all the possible stages, it may be another seven years before there's a winner and a loser.

Much of the problem goes back to the lack of precedent and definition. Minister John Arup of the Supreme Court of Ontario, one of the judges to hear the Naken-GM disagreement, was moved to write, "If we are to have consumer class actions in Ontario, it would be highly desirable that there be enacted legislation or rules of practice, so that, pursuant to which such actions could be conducted." But that doesn't necessarily mean quick solutions either, because Quebec has such rules and legislation in operation and problems still abound.

Since January, 1979, when Quebec's class-action legislation came into effect, 24 suits have been launched. Yet so far only three cases have cleared all the procedural hurdles and are ready to come to trial. And only one of these, involving a group of cable television subscribers in Quebec City taking on their cable company, represents a large number of people. What Quebec requires—and it's quite likely that future legislation in the other provinces may have a similar requirement—is that class-action suits, before they can be pursued, be authorized by a justice of the Superior Court. Only eight of the 24 cases have received this permission and of those, five were opposed by the defending party, two of them successfully, leaving just three cases. Which has led Montreal consumer lawyer David Appel to complain that "the courts have been too restrictive in their interpretation of the new act," and to argue that defendants in such cases shouldn't have the right to appeal authorization. "The defendant has plenty of opportunity to state his case during the actual trial. When class actions have to go to the Supreme Court [of Canada] just to have their authorizations validated... the



Appel, 'courts have been too restrictive'

whole purpose of the exercise could be defeated."

It should be noted that Appel sits on one particular side of the bench, making his advocacy of pro-consumer class-action legislation more understandable. On the other side of it is the defendant, who is usually a corporate entity of some wealth and power. He has very little to gain from class-action legislation of any type, never mind that wealthier toward the consumer. After all, in the good old days he could take "me on one at a time, employing that wealth and power to its best advantage—which led most victims to decide that it just wasn't worth the time and money to go to court against all these resources.

So now we have a guy like Robert Nault of Montreal going to the Supreme



Tradition...vested suits with an air of quiet authority. At the men's store

For the man who knows what he wants in life...the Tradition vested suit. Expertly tailored in pure wool, with all the fine details you expect in clothing of quality. In plains or solids, stripes or rich country looks. Only \$195 and \$235 at Sears.

Come in today and see our full Tradition line of suits, shirts and slacks, now at the men's store in all Sears Retail Stores.



Sears

Simpsons Sears Limited



Gillette as Thelma; Petty (topright); Michael Glasbeorn, the clown in *Cashman*; Rolie in *Live! why stars drink*

Theatre

Players in a one-man band

By Mark Cosmick

Of the simple grandeur of it all. There was Ted Joks on the podium deflating the Band's greatest lines in multi-hour tones, re-creating worlds with just his voice and hands. But times have changed—the number and complexity of one-man shows have grown exponentially since Gillette toured Ages of Men 20 years ago, down to have been popping up on Canada's stages (Billy Brinkley Goes to War, *Magpie & Pierre* and *Therapy* are among the best known) and the phenomenon shows no signs of withering away.

The solo show seems particularly well suited to the current Canadian theatrical climate. Traditionally thought of as a vehicle only for stars like Gillette or Douglas Fairbanks (now appearing in the Stratford Festival's production of *Brief Lives*) in this country of the relatively staid actor, the solo performer need not be a king at all. In fact it can be argued that the genre is an ideal way to make stars out of actors like Linda Gerdes (Magpie & Pierre) who, having not chosen the usual road to fame and been stamped into Stratford, deserve more attention than they're getting.

Of course, there are other advantages to "flying solo" besides potential stardom: the actor is in total control, nobody else is around to mess up a brilliant performance and the show can be-



Photo by J. McNeil

come a potential bread-and-butter piece if, as happens often enough for actors, times get rough. Says Michael Glasbeorn, who has toured *The Petty Burgers* (a series of satirical skits and songs, across Canada off and on for over four years) "I started doing it when I had nothing else to do and needed money—I'm always changing it, adding new material." The Canadian reformed for solo longevity, however, must go to Viola Liago, who has played Antonia Maitelli's famous Acadia character *La Sagueuse* for 16 years in

700 performances in both French and English.

La Sagueuse is a testament to endurance, but solo shows often have long runs that make tremendous physical and emotional demands. Says Cheryl Calabrese, artist in *Therapy* (Perry "Now I understand why stars drink. Once you've given everything in a show you want the whole world back...if you don't get human contact from the audience or after the performance, you end up taking drinks, doing anything to fill that void.")

Canadian courtesy demands that the audience be far more indulgent toward soloists because they are obviously making exceptional demands on their resources. Canadian producer Jonathan Stirling, "I think the one-man show is typically Canadian because Canadians are excellent listeners and very polite—they'll always give an actor the benefit of the doubt."

As if to illustrate the same point, in Ted Joks's solo *The Skid Show*, one of his seven characters actually harangues a paper-mâché dummy "The play could be done with two or more actors," says Joks, "but I got interested in this idea of the missing 'fourth wall,' of letting the audience fill in the other characters' responses."

The extent of audience engagement in a solo show varies enormously, from the hermetic self-absorption Douglas Rolie avowed his portrayal of John Arbogast in *Brief Lives* to the vulnerable

opportunities of the clown and the stand-up comic. Cashman feels the clown character in her series of vignettes is the toughest of her performances. "When you actively interact with the audience you take responsibility for people—you're got to see them safely home. And once you're made yourself vulnerable like that, they want to help." Audience participation is a way of overcoming a danger common to all solo shows, the absence of incarnated dramatic conflict. *Brief Lives*, a prolonged narration of dozens of lives both great and small, alternately succeeds to this inherent flaw. Joks evades it by animating his characters with high gleams stirred by an important social issue, a teachers' strike, but Linda Gerdes simply ignores the problem by hoping it's out of these separate reels without the aid of one another.

Actors and audiences aren't the only ones pleased with the solo format—the stars' managers across the country have been trimming budgets, and an obvious place to start is salaries. Mallory Gilbert, general manager of Toronto's Theatre Theatre, claims the theatre doesn't employ producers plays with smaller casts because actors' salaries, which were long overdue for a raise, now comprise a significant proportion of the overall production costs. "In the 1970-80 season we did two seven-man shows in which salaries accounted for an average of 80 per cent of the costs, two four-man shows accounting for 40 per cent and two two-man shows at around 20 per cent," says Gilbert. Perquisites for solo shows would only be lower, especially since they cost less to stage, though Gilbert's figures apply to five- or six-week runs only; complicated government funding scales and the lack of theatre space to extend the runs of successful productions means that most Canadian theatres actually budget for losses. Longer runs and possible profits would rationalize initial costs and make smaller casts not so necessary an option.

Some theatres are trying to go conventional and break out of their funded confinement, but the solo show still looks like a sound investment. Enthusiasts though most soloists are about their shows, they recognize that even under optimum circumstances there are long-term economic drawbacks in the genre: since it tends to work best in low-capacity intimate theatres, hence lower returns at the box office. Says Calabrese, "For all kinds of reasons you want to do it for the greatest number of people possible, but when you realize how much energy you're using up, you can't help thinking, 'Why not make a movie of it so I can keep doing it?'" That line would lay the freedom to move on to something else. ♦

Have you dried the tears of a hungry child?

For just \$19.00 a month, you or your group can give a needy child and his family overseas the vital necessities of life and the precious gift of hope. Please share your love. Send your help now.

Call toll free anytime
1-(800)-268-7174

Information will be sent immediately
or, fill in the coupon below



PLAN		FOSTER PARENTS PLAN OF CANADA	
383 ST. CLAIR AVENUE WEST TORONTO, CANADA M5V 1P6			
I want to be a Foster Parent of a boy <input type="checkbox"/>	girl <input type="checkbox"/>	age <input type="text"/>	
I would like my first payment of \$19.00 Monthly <input type="checkbox"/>		where the need is greatest <input type="checkbox"/>	
\$19.00 Semi Monthly <input type="checkbox"/> \$25.00 Annually <input type="checkbox"/>		\$3750 Quarterly <input type="checkbox"/>	
I want to become a Foster Parent right now <input type="checkbox"/> I enclose my contribution of \$ <input type="text"/>		Please send me more information <input type="checkbox"/> Tel No <input type="text"/>	
Name <input type="text"/>		Address <input type="text"/>	
City <input type="text"/>		Prov <input type="text"/> Code <input type="text"/>	
I wish communication with PLAN to be in English <input type="checkbox"/> French <input type="checkbox"/>			
PLAN operates in British Columbia, Quebec, St. Lawrence, Guernsey, Haiti, Honduras, India, Indonesia, Israel, Jamaica, Kenya, Mexico, Philippines, Peru, the Netherlands, Sri Lanka, Thailand, Viet Nam. Foster Parents Plan of Canada is officially registered as a Canadian Charitable Organization with the Federal Government. Contributions and tax deductable. (See back page)			

Now... "Blended Business Forms" to make your work flow more easily!

When your paper work flows more smoothly... you're doing business better. Your expense and income statements are more efficient. This forms your business can also make the life of business and yet many companies simply don't know where an integrated blended forms can help. It really is the key to their success. We've done something about it.

At Blendco, together with one of Canada's most successful forms in forms. Another Business Forms and Sales Bureau Form, you can make your business more efficient with quality blended forms: expense, production capability and know-how. We'll work with you to design a blend system that will meet the actual needs of each area of your company's operation and still meet your pricing, hardware needs. We'll provide full system analysis, one-to-one design, produce production and final costs.

Keep your drawing and work control. We'll take back after your forms installation... on a daily basis if necessary, and on a long-term basis if you're people in order to recommend changes in your forms as your business changes and grows.

At Data Business Forms, we're working to ensure that your forms deliver the best results possible. We have developed a TOTAL FORMS SYSTEM, a new idea in forms, and it's very important to our new FORMS MANAGEMENT SYSTEM, not to be confused with the other systems, and for various reasons.

The price is right in all forms. We'll not only save you time and money, but we'll also give you new ideas, information and inspiration. Finding your way from form to form, blended business forms can help you learn from blended business forms, and your business will flow more easily. Make your

DATA BUSINESS FORMS

HEAD OFFICE:
5830 Campus Road,
Mississauga, Ontario L4V 1A2
Telephone: (416) 677-1430

Chicopee, Vancouver • Calgary • Ottawa • London • Hamilton • Cornwall • Montreal



Only's first landscape sale
Can get just \$4,000

Art

Only for the money

When the Pacific Art Services delivery truck pulled up in front of Vancouver's Bau-Xi Gallery 18 days ago and began loading 66 works by the Vancouver artist Tom Otterlei, few heads bothered to turn. Yet in a transaction that included both the Bau-Xi works and Otterlei's entire personal collection, a relatively anonymous Vancouver couple has just made the largest purchase of a living artist's works in Canadian history. The total number of watercolors, oils, collages and serigraphs is close to 800 pieces. The sale price: \$306,000.

"It is better than a slap in the belly with a wet fish," smirks 55-year-old Otterlei, whose career has included several bouts with poverty. "The last time I knew about that an investor did this was when Max Stern bought all the available Emily Carr paintings back in the '60s. I think \$4,000 for everything." And Otterlei laughs. Inevitably the details of the sale raise questions about the ethics of what some see as a clear-cut case of market manipulation. The contract stipulates—with the exception of these galleries the artist is already committed to show in—that Otterlei will not offer any of his work to the public for 20 months. Most gallery owners expect prices to rise immediately. In fact, Bau-Xi reported buyers "bidding through their doors when rumors of the sale first began to circulate as people hurried to purchase paintings before the truck came to cart them away. At present, however, well-wishers outnumber the disenchanted. Xian Huang, the co-owner of Bau-Xi, says, "It's finally

getting what's due to him. After all, he's been painting for 30 years."

Actually, Otterlei has been painting for most of his life. He grew up on the Isle of Man and learned early to re-create in watercolor the solitude that still characterizes his minimalist landscapes. When he came to Canada with his parents in 1966, he found work as an architectural draftsman but in his free time he would return to painting. After travels to Mexico and back to the British Isles, Otterlei finally settled in Vancouver, wandering the B.C. and Arctic coasts in search of stark and desolate vistas—lagoons, mountains, inlets, and straits reduced to their barest forms. Fifteen years ago, following an unexpected sale of a painting for \$200, he took up flying and today owns a single-engine Lake Buccaneer which he utilizes to "soar consistently." "I can get out of the city and out onto a glacial lake to paint and still be home for supper," he says. "It's as simple as Tom Thomson's canoe. I only hope I don't go like Thomson did."

That may now be the biggest of Otterlei's worries. He lives just off Vancouver's exclusive South West Marine Drive, in a home that he boasts has the city's largest private indoor pool. And even without this coup, his works are consistently sought. Toward the sale of his own personal collection, he remains understandably philosophical: "I feel clothes tinged with sadness to see all the work go. But I can't be carrying this stuff around all my life. Now all I really have to worry about is the taxman." **Daniel Wood**

Films

Up the Titanic and down the airplane

RAISE THE TITANIC

Directed by Jerry Jameson

AIRPLANE!

Directed by Jim Abrahams, David Zucker and Jerry Zucker

One of the many airheads who move wickerly through the \$40-million movie known as *Raise the Titanic* says in a throat-clutching voice: "A ship that big does that deep?" Asks another airhead incredulously:



Taken on the set of the raised Titanic (above, right), *Airplane!* (below, right) stars Jeff Goldblum, Jane Fonda, and Chevy Chase. *Airplane!* is a comedy about a man who is a pilot and it never takes long to say no and it never takes long to say yes

"Are you talking about raising the Titanic?" Yes, he is and, yes, they do. In one of the Titanic's holds there is a precious mineral, bismuth, which could give the U.S.—yep—the hydrogen bomb. The Russians, who look fancy in addition to speaking funny, watch while the American crew headed by Jason Robards, Richard Jordan and David Selby get the old girl, the century's most notorious and powerful symbol of mortality, up to the surface. Well, it sure does

look like the Titanic—thanks to a lot of money being spent in these troubled times.

Directed with the flint of a rock amateur, *Raise the Titanic* has more mind-numbing dialogue than a speech from the throne (a gas, though, if you're in the right mood). A snippet: "It never takes long to say no," answered by "No, and it never takes long to say yes." That, to give the writers their due, is quite true. The acting derives from the "neef-me-da-odda-pona" school of expression, only Alex Garman, in a brief bit as an old sea dog, salvages his dignity. And there's a "love interest" (Anne Archer) who, while faking with Selby, says she's "afraid of putting the worry on the hooky." If there is a God she will have a very brief role in *Jaws III*.

When Selby says to Jordan in *Raise the Titanic*, "I know I'm right about this position," it's funnier than anything in this summer's comedy hit, *Airplane!* funnier because the humor it happened upon is a one-note hyperbole parody of the high-in-the-sky disaster cycle begun with *Airport*, *Airplane!* is a head-through-it how to get the literal-minded to laugh. He literal-minded Bennett says "the s— is going to hit the fan!"—and it actually does. A reporter says "Let's take some pictures!" and reporters take pictures down off a wall. It goes on like that, fed by straight-faced performers such as Lloyd Bridges, Robert Stack and Peter Onorati doing deadpan shifts. *Airplane!*



BALLY

90-1 The East Mall, Toronto, Ontario M8Z 5X3 (416) 252-6461

Only in Canada is there a thirst to share the dearth

By Alan Fotheringham

There is a solution, it turns out, to the ever-enduring blama about regional disparity. The country is supposedly torn apart by the Uprisers' arrogance of Alberta to the Democrats' money consciousness of those denizens of the unemployment insurance cheque. The nation is in imbalance, someone like John Pearson—or Michael Pitfield when his brain cells tend to make him tilt forward like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. It should be noted, first, that this perennial whine emanates from the engine rooms of provincial governments as a feature that is uniquely Canadian. The Croatian persons of the Yugoslav empire has disputes with the Serbian segment that go beyond the GNP. The burghers of Albuquerque, New Mexico, do not really expect to share the marital sinews of Manhattan. These platonic, slow-moving natives of Cornwall in their bulletproof tweeds care not a whit for the jaded pleasures of a peace accords. London. Only in Canada, thanks to the Alcoa-Blenheim whiffing dispensed by Ottawa, is it believed that we all must share, equally, in the national misery brought about by money.

The solution is something called the Physical Quality of Life Index: right, for those of us who go through life talking in code. As badly needed as toothpaste, it is something dreamed up by the Overseas Development Council (ODC) of Washington, D.C. to determine the real state of affairs—as opposed to all these boring standard-of-living indices put out from the United Nations that purportedly show the dull Swedes or the authentic Swiss as leading life's parade. The ODC, using the measure of life expectancy, infant mortality and literacy, ranks all the nations of the world as to their quality, their real worth rather than their bluffs.

Peter John Kettle, a man after my own heart and beer palate disposition, has thrown the concept into his provincial comparison and come up with the following on a Physical Quality of Life Index, B.C. tops all. Those of us hardheaded let-it-munchers who use mountains as a security blanket have known all about it—and boasted shyly about it—all along. Alberta ranks second on the right, Ontario next and Saskatchewan fourth. But Kettle, obstinate chap, will not stop here. He plugs in another factor. How

own heart and beer palate disposition, has thrown the concept into his provincial comparison and come up with the following on a Physical Quality of Life Index, B.C. tops all. Those of us hardheaded let-it-munchers who use mountains as a security blanket have known all about it—and boasted shyly about it—all along. Alberta ranks second on the right, Ontario next and Saskatchewan fourth. But Kettle, obstinate chap, will not stop here. He plugs in another factor. How

per life decision is the length of this month's salubrious, and reduce his blood pressure, not to mention his mortgages, to semi-civilized status by consuming him up to his eyes in P.E.I. potato chips and little music to put cats to sleep.

In the Kettle fiction, Newfoundland ranks second in the coquettish view of life, a fact that Jerry Seinfeld will accept with a shrill, strong smile of satisfaction. New Brunswick comes next and Nova Scotia, where oil rigs rather than the UIC Fishing Totes loom on the horizon, completes a sweep of the top rank. What our boffin is saying is that good living is cheaper—and more easily attainable—in the portion of the land that Quebec would save off and float out to sea. It seems easy to think, as we say, Alberta, where they drink orange rather than orange juice for breakfast as well as having a semi-ops team and Wayne Gretzky, too, is reduced in our minds (and, by the way, in Kettle's) well down the ladder as a stolid John Wayne view of life that is a black-and-white movie.

In this revised 1984 ranking, B.C. is second lowest. At the bottom's Ontario, that frightened Kingdom which quivers at the thought of having to pay the price for oil that is paid by, say, New York. Toronto, basked in yesterday's sweat, written in agony and every at the moment achieved by Peggy's Cove. Vancouver, where roller skaters push aside stiffs on the freeway, must look askance at the New Jerusalem of Halifax, the robust Saint Barbara of the mar.

Can the unimaginable be imaginable? That must, the bookkeeping for midlife cabinet ministers either as their way down or hopping their heads on the Poir Franchise, be having some effect after all? If so, the department of regional economic expansion has vaulted P.E.I. to the second-best ranking on the heap—topped only by the rig of the civil servant athletic clubs and perac allowances in Ottawa. All goodness flow from the feast. And the fount prosper above all.



"After we'd cooked up a mess of freshly dug clams on the beach, Pierre and Louise said they'd never tasted anything so delicious, not even back home in Brittany."

"Now sleep in clams."

"It was quite a day. And quite a feast! Afterwards, we relaxed at the cottage, enjoying the evening and a Canadian Club C.C.'s just right. Its smooth, mellow taste has been a tradition for over 120 years. It's The Best In The House, in 87 lands. And as our friends from Brittany said, they'll think of us and this special day when they enjoy C.C. back home."

Canadian Club
A taste of the world. The taste of home.



"The end of a perfect day"



Peter John Kettle, a man after my own heart and beer palate disposition, has thrown the concept into his provincial comparison and come up with the following on a Physical Quality of Life Index, B.C. tops all. Those of us hardheaded let-it-munchers who use mountains as a security blanket have known all about it—and boasted shyly about it—all along. Alberta ranks second on the right, Ontario next and Saskatchewan fourth. But Kettle, obstinate chap, will not stop here. He plugs in another factor. How



*For people with a taste for something milder.
du Maurier Special Mild.*



King Size and 100 mm.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.
Av. per cigarette: 100 mm: 14 mg "tar", 1.0 mg nicotine. King Size: 13 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine.